

Carmel Pine Cone

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1928.

5c PER COPY



1929

Here's for Carmel All Next Year—and on

THIS RADIO BUSINESS

By Mae Harris Anson

The quality of radio reception in Carmel has been a burning question for two years or more, and particularly so during the past few months.

Now that concerted action has been taken, in the form of a petition to the Board of Trustees, ask-

ing that they take action to control all local sources of radio interference, it may be interesting for owners of radio sets to know what has been going on during the past two years in the way of efforts to clear local reception.

The summer of 1926 was an extremely unsatisfactory, and at times a maddening one, for local radio fans.

Not only was there the customary summer static, but there was constant code day and night and still another infuriating interference

which at that time was not identified.

Inquiry in other communities situated on the ocean and presumably as liable to interference from ship code, showed that while ship code interfered at times, it was not the steady interference that Carmel was having.

In response to a report, the Supervisor of Radio at San Francisco, Bernard H. Linden, suggested that the trouble might be amateur operators working illegally — and un-

(Continued to page 16)

THE NATIVITY TABLEAUX

Catherine Seidenack's interpretation of the Story of the Nativity in five tableaux set a high mark for beauty in stage setting and lighting effects for posed groups in Carmel. These gorgeous living pictures were the big outstanding event of the village Christmas festival at the Golden Bough theatre Sunday afternoon. Credit is also due to the tireless participants who made the performance possible.

The crowd began to gather as

early as two-thirty and by three the auditorium was packed, and the walls lined with people standing. Posted at the door in spick and span uniform, Henry F. Dickinson, acting as master of ceremonies, gave out programs with a Christmas smile, then climbed upon the rostrum to announce that the audience was expected to sing the carols.

(Continued on Page Two)

BROKE AFTER CHRISTMAS and Now Comes the DOG LICENSE

Dog licenses in Carmel fall due January 1, 1929. All dogs with masters must be tagged, and at so much per tag. Other dogs are out of luck.

There will no longer be a hit-or-miss method of tagging canines. Owners of dogs, whether worth hundreds of dollars or less than nothing—meaning either the dogs

or their owners—must buy a tag. There are two styles of tags, both alike; male and female. Dogs of the feminine sex cost twice as much per tag as masculine dogs.

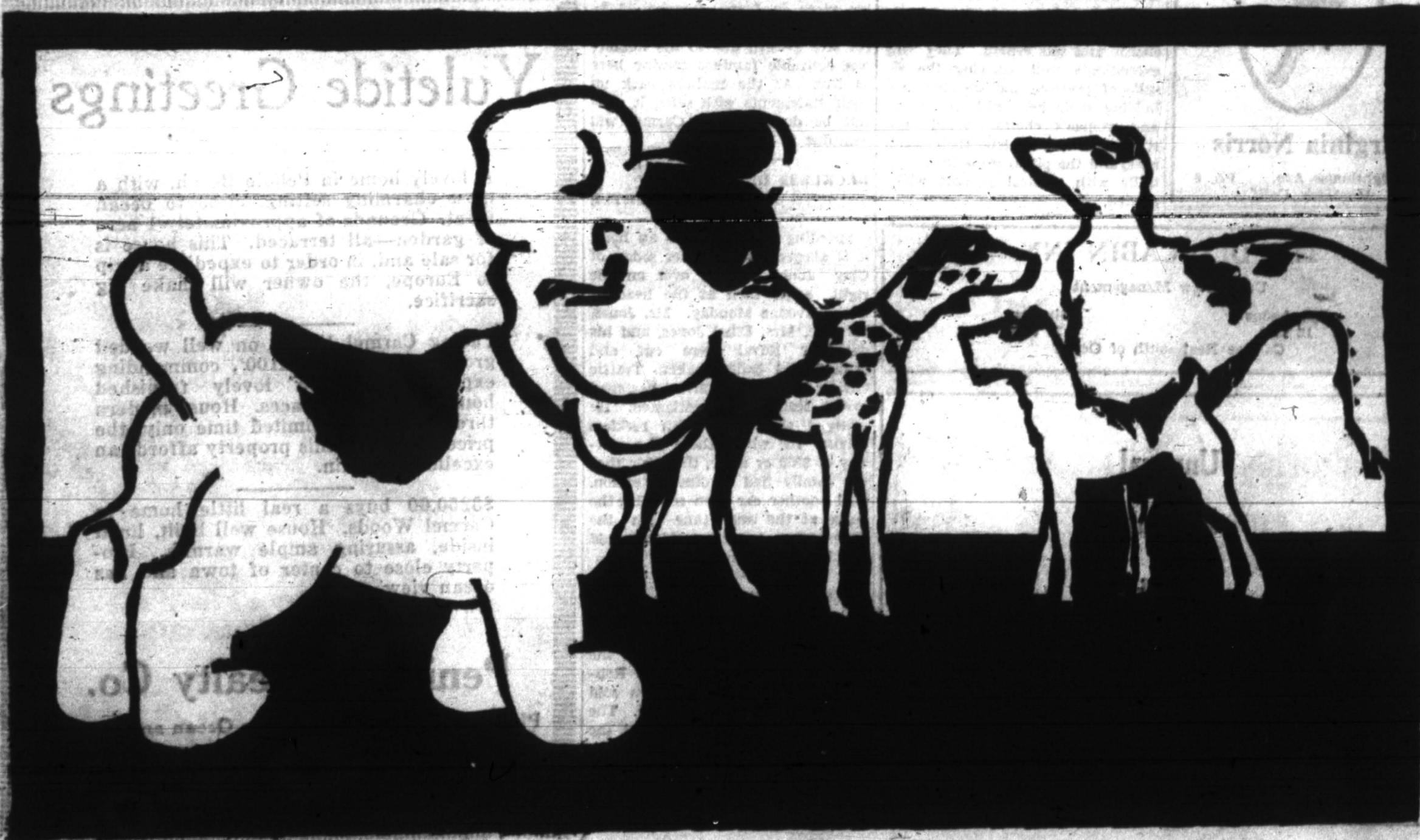
Having a stand-in with Judge Fraser, Chief Englund, or even Mayor Bonham means nothing this year. You can't weep and plead yourself out of paying for the tag.

Telling the story of how your little boy fairly worships Fido, and would fade away if anything happened to the beast, will not save the pooch. Nothing helps this year but the yen.

The three cities, Monterey, Pacific Grove and Carmel, are combined in the handling of dog licensing and the penalties for ne-

glecting the matter, and The Monterey County Humane Society, with a dog farm over the hill, has been given power to collect licenses, tag the dogs paid for, and attend to all unpaid canines. It is now a business and will be handled snappily. You can send your check on January 1, or thereabouts, or you can telephone the dog-farm and

have a collector—of licenses or dogs—call and tag the pet, or you can take a chance. But the Pine Cone will not run Lost and Found ads for untagged dogs after January 15. The Pine Cone knows where that lost dog has gone, and the Pine Cone doesn't circulate in dog-heaven.



NEWSY BITS of the HAPPENINGS in this VILLAGE of OURS

The program began on time to the minute. Trained choruses behind the big drop raised their voices, but the drop proved a poor sounding board. And the audience went on with its chatter interspersed with the merry calls of children, always stimulated and excited at this time of year. A Carmel audience is interesting. One never knows what to expect of it. But one thing is certain. Invariably it is part of the show, all too often the principal part. Sunday, in anticipation of Christmas, every face wore a grin and joy was evidenced in the merry eyes of children and grown-ups.

The performers had walled themselves off behind the huge curtain, and were pounding ahead with the musical program as if there had been no one present but themselves. The crowd saw nothing but the boards of an empty stage. What music seeped through the pores of the drop to their ears was too faint to hold their attention. The audience was in no mood for distant reverberations, even of the echoes of well sung Christmas carols.

"We're supposed to sing," spoke up a woman, occupying standing room on the left side wall.

At her suggestion a few who were not buzzing gossip or correcting children, lifted their voices, and there was opposition to the group behind the scenes. The two choruses sang at slightly different tempos, and added to their efforts was the Golden Bough echo. Soon the singing in the crowd died down. Again they were reminded it was their turn to sing. They took it good-naturedly. Everybody was in a jolly mood.

"If you expect us to sing, why not get some one to lead us," spoke up William P. Silva from a front seat.

It was an excellent suggestion, and apparently no one had thought of it. Quiet and decorum settled down as Chorus-master Fenton P. Foster stepped to the front and raised his baton. The public submitted immediately to his leadership.

The carols were over at last. Incidental music creating mood and leading up to the first tableau began behind the curtain wall. Its effect would have been more telling, had there been fewer children in the audience, or more parents, or something for children and parents to look at to keep them quiet. But there was nothing, and the gathering darkness of dimmed lights added to their restlessness. What I was permitted to hear of the music was excellent. For me at least it created a mood, one that continued after the beautiful Story of the Nativity was told. The voices of the women sounded pure and sweet.

The program really began with the first tableau, The Annunciation. The angel, lightly perched on a pedestal as if fluttering in the air supported by wings, held a lily toward a wondrous eyed Virgin. The audience had been requested not to clap. But the beauty of the living picture made them forget all else but their enjoyment, and they burst forth in enthusiastic applause. Then the women sang again, a heavenly choir not for the profane eyes of mortals, so they seemed after the inspiring tableau. The orchestra played. A child recited the St. Luke's version in a sweet lisp, clearly understandable to the last row. Babes in arms catching the slightly nervous accent of one of their kind not many years their senior, set up an answering bleat in sympathy, all of which seemed appropriate and in the spirit of "suffer the little children to come unto me."

The Scriptural reading preceded the second tableau, in which the shepherds appeared, gazing in amazement at the Star of Bethlehem. A boy gathered up a little lamb at his side and joined his elders as they slowly followed the heavenly body. The curtain dropped and audience and musicians resumed their independent programs. I strained by ears for the children's chorus and was repaid. They sang exceedingly well, showing the results of practice and training, and holding their own with the men's and women's choirs. Wind and string instruments lent their sweetness, and the piano came in impartially with musical support where needed.

Tableau III. The Wise Men were portrayed in unique fashion in wistful lighting. An enormous, shadowy camel in the background supported one. The others, standing by his side, revealed in sumptuous costumes by the gradually increasing light. More mood creating music.

If it were not irreverent on such an occasion, I would say Tableau IV brought down the house. It was a most moving portrayal of Madonna and Child in the Manger. Light from below played upon adoring faces. A successfully smoking brazier held up by one of the shepherds cast fitful light upon the scene, and sent vapory clouds floating out over the audience. The voices again soothed those who listened. Mute and violin did the Bach-Gounod Ave Maria and Tableau V was presented.

It proved a fitting climax to the artist's masterly conceptions. Mary, beautiful before, was simply entrancing in this. The four figures surrounding her were costumed in a way to set off the charms of the Virgin—lovely enough in her own right, but a hundred times lovelier at the cunning hands of Catherine Seidenbeck.

CARMEL REAL ESTATE MOVING

C. R. Parrot of the Peninsular Realty Company admitted today that real estate in this vicinity is moving rather briskly and reports the following sales. In Hatton Fields the John Orcutt place was sold to Charles L. Town, who is improving it, and planting an elaborate garden.

A tract 80 by 100 at Twelfth and Camino Real was sold to C. A. Granel of Berkeley, who will build on it in the near future.

The Rand-Rogers home on the point was recently sold to A. McCall Smith, who is with the Studebaker Sales Corporation in Monterey. Mr. Smith is interested in bulbs and will devote considerable time to growing rare specimens in Carmel.

Ray Turner of the Aawater Kent Radio shop on Ocean avenue has recently purchased the J. O. Handley place in Loma Terrace. Like all the realtors of Carmel, Mr. Parrot sees growth due to the numerous desirable families coming here to live. As the realtors back up their statements with sales, it cannot be doubted that Carmel will continue to develop.

RECKLESS DRIVER TURNS TURTLE

Speeding at forty miles an hour, it is alleged, the Chrysler sedan of Clay Jones turned over on the right angle turn at the head of Ocean avenue Monday. Mr. Jones, his wife, Mrs. Ethel Jones, and his daughter Eval were cut and bruised and badly shaken. Traffic Officer Ramsey of Carmel hastened to the scene and investigated. He charged the driver with reckless driving, for which there is a penalty of \$250 or more, then saw that the family had medical attention. Had another car been rounding the curve at the same time with the Jones car, a terrible accident could not have been avoided.

VALUABLE WATER FRONT TRACT SOLD

A piece of property across the Scenic Drive in front of the Robinson Jeffers home has been sold to Russell Easton of Oakland. The consideration was \$15,000, and the sale was made by Miss Elizabeth McClung White's real estate firm. Mr. Easton, a bachelor, intends to build him a home on the site, modeled on the lines of a Mexican peasant adobe building.

Mr. Easton, who has been a frequent visitor in Carmel, spends his time at the home of his mother on North Monte Verde.

Another sale by the same firm includes two lots facing Torres near Monte Verde in the Eighty Acres, sold to Mrs. Emma C. Atkins, a San Francisco landscape artist. Mrs. Atkins will build at once, and intends to make Carmel her headquarters from now on. A feature of her new home will be a spacious studio with north light two stories in height.

ENDINGS AND BEGINNINGS

A New Year's service will be held Sunday morning in the Community Church when the subject "Endings and Beginnings" is discussed.

You will learn some new facts, and see another viewpoint upon life and its problems, if you make reg-

ular practice of church attendance here.

Time limit for parking on Dolores street, between Seventh and Ocean Ave., during the day will shortly go into effect. When the new order is passed by the city council signs will be placed indicating the hours.

SEA VIEW INN

Camino Real near Twelfth
QUIET ATMOSPHERE
ATTRACTIVE RATES
Phone 82
The MISSES STOUT

CARMEL TAXI SERVICE

PHONE 15 Day or Night
Dolores near Ocean Ave. H. C. James, Mgr.

Begin the New Year Right

By dining where a warm welcome
and tasty foods await you.

Lincoln Inn

OPEN AIR GRILL
Phone 447

TALL PINES TEA HOUSE

at Carmel Highlands
SPECIAL DINNER
Christmas and New Years
For Reservations—Phone 3-J-4

Yuletide Greetings

A lovely home in Pebble Beach, with a most charming setting, close to ocean front. Grounds of approximately 1 acre of garden—all terraced. This house is for sale and, in order to expediate a trip to Europe, the owner will make big sacrifice.

Facing Carmel Valley on well wooded ground (oaks) 150'x100', commanding expansive view—a lovely furnished house—three fireplaces. House modern throughout. For limited time only, the price placed on this property affords an excellent bargain.

\$3250.00 buys a real little home in Carmel Woods. House well built, lined inside, assuring ample warmth. Property close to center of town and has ocean view.

Peninsula Realty Co.

Phone 236 Corner Ocean and Lincoln
RENTALS — INSURANCE — LOANS

ANTIQUES



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134 Lighthouse Ave. Ph. 8
Monterey, Calif.

THE OLD CABIN INN

Under New Management

Luncheon 12 to 2 Dinners 5:30 to 8
Camino Real south of Ocean

Unusual
Holiday
Gifts

Tilly Polak, Inc., Carmel



JANUARY'S GARDEN, by Agnes Ford, Garden Section Woman's Club

December and January are rather inactive months for the garden and the gardener. The short days, cold snaps and down pours of rain make it impossible at times to do anything. Yet in the delightful sunny weather which comes as an interlude between the storms, one can sally forth with fresh enthusiasm. It is quite a job in some gardens just to keep the paths raked and the flower beds free of pine needles. These should be raked off, as they make the soil acid.

It is a good time as one sits by a cosy fire to plan in your mind's eye, and better still on paper, the list of annuals you feel you simply cannot do without this summer. Get busy with the new catalogs and mark off those you want and then send in your order, so as to have the seed on hand for late February or early March sowing. It is well to keep a color scheme in mind. Your perennial plants are already where they will bloom, and in planning the annuals keep the color harmony in mind. Pink and yellow and pink and orange should be kept sternly apart.

If you are planning a Spanish effect, red and yellow can be combined, but in the ordinary bed this is not pleasing. A combination of blue, lavender, and pink interspersed with white makes a good pattern. The pink Rosy Morn petunias backed by Blue Perfection ageratum is charming, and the same ageratum with the orange or lemon-yellow African marigolds makes a good effect. Pink hollyhocks and blue delphiniums go well together.

Don't have your garden a hodge-



The Blue Bird
LUNCHEON — TEAS
DINNER

Ocean Avenue Phone 141

Carmel Home Sites

Shrewd business observers predict that 1929 will be the liveliest year in local real estate history. There are sections of Carmel where sufficient ground for the more desirable residence is no longer to be found. Hatton Fields and the Mission Mesa still afford a wide range of choice, with restricted building plots ranging from a quarter of an acre up in area. This restricted property overlooks Carmel Bay, Valley, and Mission. Point Lobos and the Santa Lucia mountains are in the picture. Here you will find the ideal Carmel home site, for sale on terms.

Inquire

Carmel Land Company

Office: Ocean Avenue, Carmel Telephone 18

podge, but plant in masses to insure a good effect. Not less than five of any one variety should be set out. A pleasing effect can be had by using the plants with greyish-green foliage to break up masses or rather a flaming color. Rosemary, thyme, lavender and mullein have a sedative effect in color and tie together the pattern of color.

It is a good month to plant roses so as to insure root growth before spring. Cuttings of roses can also be started, putting two-thirds of

the cutting below ground. All deciduous trees, shrubs, and climbers can be pruned this month, cutting out all dead wood and scraggly branches. The Scotch Broom and genista need to be well cut back to keep them compact. They can be pruned to almost any shape desired, but are very unkempt-looking when they are scraggly.

Dig up the soil well and add fertilizer and wood ashes. The heavy rains should penetrate well to the sub-soil, and they cannot do this if the surface is hard and baked.

A Bushel of Chaff

By Hal Garrett

Jimmy Dougan is a proud dog these days, as is his Mistress Daisy Bostick. For not only does Gene Byrnes send Jimmy's picture all over the land in the comic sections of newspapers, but he sent Jimmy a handsome warm blanket for Christmas. And if you are lucky some morning you may see Jimmy in his new blanket run to the gate with Daisy to see her off as she leaves the Lookout on Ocean avenue hill to go to her office.

Delos Curtis has a pretty idea. "I've made canes enough for this year," he said. "Now I'm going to make candy canes." A huge one with flame of red peppermint in the confectioner's window will light the old year out and the new one in.

Numerous real estate transfers tell of the kind of people coming to the village to live. Artists, folks retired from business and intending henceforth to "loaf and invite their souls," writers and such. Carmel has long been fortunate in the type of citizens it attracts. And judging from present indications our good fortune bids fair to continue indefinitely. Each newcomer adds to the strength of the majority in favor of keeping Carmel an exclusive residence city.

To quite an extent the Christmas

Festival in the Golden Bough Sunday was a one man show, only, as is so often the case now-a-days, the "man" was a woman.

There are occasions in Carmel where a choral master needs to be a gymnast. Fenton P. Foster proved himself one Sunday at the Nativity Story performance. The audience had come expecting to sing carols, but there was no one on hand to direct it. They heard sweet voices somewhere in the distance, but hesitated to butt in. "We're supposed to sing," said a lady standing along the side wall. The audience tried to, but it is difficult for a mixed crowd to sing with well-led, trained opposition on the other side of a big drop. "Give us a leader and we'll sing all right," promised William P. Silva, occupying a front seat. Abandoning his choir in the rear to their own devices, Leader Foster came through a stage door at a bound, and was on the rostrum beating time. The crowd joined in lustily, keeping time and tune. By this time those back stage began to falter. Next they were singing a different carol from the one the audience was caroling. The result was a jumble leader rushed back stage to straighten them out, then raced forward carrying the beat while he ran, to give it to the audience. Several dashes back and forth that would have done credit to a college freshman, produced results. Finally and pandemonium threatened. The chorus was produced out of chaos.

Undeniably a Carmel audience is competent to stage-manage the shows it attends if necessary, but it is a little difficult to do this in a darkened theatre.

Two boys wrestling and pulling hair in front of the Golden Bough stage Sunday in the waits between tableaux, deserve a vote of thanks. At least they gave the audience something to look at.

Children are good to look at. So are women when they're togged out for a stage appearance. But men are not. Still, there are always some women willing to look at them. Why were they all hidden away Sunday at the Golden Bough? Were they afraid someone had hung mistletoe from the proscenium arch?

The white smoke arising from the brazier in the Adoration Tableau Sunday worked beautifully, and added much to the charm of the scene. It was not till after the curtain had fallen that the fumes reached the noses of the audience. They were sulphurous. Not wishing to be fumigated, or fearing a tear bomb, several started for the exits. But the evil smelling gas was soon absorbed by the audience.

It seems the jolly Elks deputed Gus Englund to take Christmas baskets to eight or nine Spanish

families in Carmel, and Gus started out in good faith with the baskets. The first family he called on failed to answer his knock, though he was sure he had seen some peeking through a window. At the second house he was determined to make an entry, and pounded so hard, the front door seemed to fly from its hinges. He heard an upstairs window open cautiously.

"I didn't do it, officer! I didn't do it!" cried a frightened voice whose owner was keeping well hidden.

"What's the use," thought Gus, disgustedly, and he hastened to report to Mayor Bonham.

"We'll go together," said His Honor, when he heard the story. And together they went from one end of Carmel to the other, distributing Christmas baskets, all of which were gratefully received, once the recipients were convinced they were not wanted by the police.

Micky O'Brien is in Carmel for a few days stay, greeting old friends.

200 ACRES

Rainbow Lodge—The Sharp property on Mill Creek—Ocean frontage, beautiful beach, redwoods, on Carmel-San Simeon Highway

LEO S. BULLENE

of the
R. L. Hughes Realty Co.
Monterey County Bank Bldg.

Salinas

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Stella's Dry Goods

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Corner Ocean-Dolores

MONTEREY BAY REALTY COMPANY

R. ATTHOWE
Realtor

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Telephone 69

P. O. Box 208

Carmel, California

Merle's
TREASURE CHEST

TO
OUR
FRIENDS
AND
PATRONS . . .

Happy
New
Year



HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Evening Dresses

Hats

Knitted Sport Suits

The Cinderella Shop

Ocean Ave., near Dolores
CARMEL



Coats — Vogue Hats

Dresses of Russian inspiration by Mariska Karasz

HAPPY NEW YEAR!**SCRIBBLES and SKETCHES** By Monte

To all my friends
A Merry Christmas
 and
A Happy New Year
Tilly Polak



CARMEL'S OPTOMETRIST
 Extends the Season's Greetings
CHAS. E. ROBERTS

HAPPY NEW YEAR

to our Carmel Customers

De Silva Radio Shop

A happy and prosperous New Year

to everyone

CARMEL SMOKE SHOP

With hearty good wishes for
 a merry holiday and a

Happy New Year

Staniford's Drug Store

**The Season's
 GREETINGS**

from

**Reardon & Leidig
 BUICK DEALERS**

**NEW YEAR'S
 GREETINGS**

from

**M. J. Murphy
 BUILDERS SUPPLIES**

SCRIBBLES AND SCRATCHES

By Monte

Comes now the greatest gift; let us cherish it in such a way that we may enjoy others to follow: "THE NEW YEAR."

WHO'S WHAT AND WHAT NOT:
 The GIRL of 1929: The world's greatest Asset,

BECAUSE,
 She understands hygiene, heaven and horses!

She reads Schopenhauer and Sherwood Anderson and maintains her own philosophy!

The truly modern girl never eclipses her femininity!

She prefers courage to corsets and depends on her own backbone!

She has swapped swooning for swank!

She is willing to contribute to the support of the family, but holds the right to banish her own hair, hips, or hose!

She keeps her skin and her conscience clean!

Instead of marrying the man and talking him over with his family afterward she talks it over with the man first and then isn't afraid to hand him back to his family without marrying him!

She knows the difference between pace and place, high-boy and low-brow, faux pas and Sugar Daddy (if any)!

She has what all nations are striving for—balance!

She is doing what no other age has done: keeping her ideals in the face of perpetual disillusionment!

She doesn't whimper!

She doesn't have to keep still to appear intelligent!

She expresses herself and truth simultaneously!

She calls her parents by their first names and gives them the last word!

She's the first to profit by her mistakes and the last to condemn for the errors of others!

She can discuss the main points of any subject from pins to politics!

She is adorably fearless and fearfully adorable!

She's a square shooter, a good loser and a sure winner!

She has reason, raiment, and radiance. She calls them rhyme, ribbons and rhythm!

She knows you can't be mildewed and be modern!

She's fire-new, unbeaten—**THE GOLDEN GIRL!**

Here's to the **MODERN MAID!**

I ASK YOU: If your hostess gave you vanishing cream for Christmas wouldn't it jar you?

QUOTED from "TIME" and recently recited at Eastern Club dinner:

"Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house Not a creature was sleeping not even a mouse,

The glasses were set on the mantel with care

In hopes that the bootlegger soon would be there.

The children were dancing to **KDKA**

For six brand new tubes had been purchased that day,

And mama with her diamonds and I with two trumps

Were winning a hand from a couple of chumps.

I'm sure you'll agree there's no need for Saint Nick,

With a person named Hoover to do us the trick.

But I hear him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight

"Happy hokum to all—and to all a good night!"

A TOAST OF THANKS:

The season of gifts having come and went

I must be about my acknowledgement.

To Leidig's I take up my pen with a will

Carl S. Rohr

wishes all his patrons
 happiness and prosper-
 ity for the New Year

To express our appreciation for your patronage
 and to wish you

**HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY
 FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR**

Carmel Cleaners

With sincere gratitude to those who
 have made successful our first year
 in Carmel, we wish our friends and
 patrons a **HAPPY NEW YEAR!**

Dolores Pharmacy

May our relations in the future
 be as pleasant as they have
 been in the past.

The Work Lumber Co.

We hope that the New Year will bring to
 you a full measure of all
 things good.

Curtis' Candy Store

We appreciate your good will, and that we can help
 each other in a friendly way to a prosperous New
 Year is the sincere wish of



HOLIDAY GREETINGS

To our customers and friends

L. S. Slevin

SUCCESS, and LOTS OF IT**Through 1929****HAPPY NEW YEAR**
Lincoln Inn

To thank them for cancelling my grocery bill.

Thanks to The Jasmine Bush who let us
Do all our Christmas shopping gratis.

Grateful merci to Pacific Gas
Who marked the electric bill, "Let this pass."

A series of bows to the Post Office
vamps
Who insisted on sending our mail without stamps.

Loud cheers for the city who cut down our tree
And made us as happy as children can be.

And to Holman's who trimmed it without any charge
We scatter our merry old THANK YOUS at large.

With heart-felt salaams our back is bent
To thank the Editor for this month's rent.

Last of all we remember to thank
C. Berkey for checks on the Carmel Bank.

But hold! Who furnished that Yule Tide rum?
Where did our Christmas punch come from?

Was that what I bought from the bootlegging sharks
And what caused me to write all these crazy remarks!

WEEKENDERS: Remaining in Carmel from Christmas Holidays—Mr. and Mrs. Gun, little Bee Bee Gun, Pop Gun will be going off sometime early in the New Year.

**CHILDHEART AT
COMMUNITY CHURCH**

Mrs. I. M. Terwilliger's fantasy of the forest, "Childheart in the snowy woods by the Wolf's Glen" was performed at the Community church before a crowded house Friday night. Even "Standing Room Only" had to be withdrawn, for the auditorium was packed.

The drama opens in the deep forest with the elves and sprites celebrating a festival of pagan days. They are met by Childheart who reveals to them a vision of days to come in the Story of the Nativity. Estelle Mack carried the role of Childheart, the author played the part of Mary with the Babe (a doll was used for the child, though no one could have told it was not human), little Hans and Mitzi, German children lost in the big woods, were played by David Meeks and Betty Mallory, Winnifred Askew was the Princess Brunhilde, and her maid, Jean, was by Elaine Funches. Besides there were Christmas angels and children of Bethlehem, all played by members of the Sunday school. The actors had been admirably trained and took their parts in such creditable manner, the audience was enthusiastic with appreciation.

Another feature of the program were the living Christmas cards, in which children and grownups posed inside a frame illuminated by colored flood lights. Muriel Watson and others took part in these. One revealing a child holding a candle was especially attractive. The church was decorated with green boughs. A large, lighted Christmas tree was the cynosure for the eyes of all the little folks. Candy was distributed and a candy cane presented to each child, the gift of Delos Ourtis. Mrs. Bardeman's singing of "O Night Divine," and the playing of the orchestra throughout the program are deserving of favorable mention. The music added much to a most successful evenings' entertainment.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
and
HAPPY NEW YEAR
from the**Studio Restaurant**

Known for Good Eats
Harry Mallinger

Father Time Decrees:**ANOTHER YEAR**

May you utilize every minute for happiness and prosperity this Christmas and the coming year.

FLOYD MANGRUM
Next to Carmel Cleaners

Holiday Greetings From

W. H. Normand

L. C. Merrell

Geo. J. Seideneck

Capt. P. H. Hudgins

Mrs. Gertrude B. Hill

El Paseo Company**THE MYRA B. SHOP**

extends Heartiest Greetings
and best wishes for
1929

The Season's Cheerful Greetings
to the people of Carmel

PINE INN

John B. Jordan

With Every Good Wish for
A Joyous
NEW YEAR

Carmel Grocery**MINGES****ZANETTA CATLETT**

7 Arts Building

HOLIDAY GREETINGS

The Season's Greetings from the
Palace Drug Stores
of

Monterey, Carmel and Del Monte

May your New Year
be filled with cheer

First Edition Book Shop**HEARTY HOLIDAY
GREETINGS****ROMYLANE'S****SEASON'S GOOD
WISHES****CARMEL DEVELOPMENT
COMPANY**

Ann James

of the

Town and Country Shoppe

wishes you happiness and prosperity
for Christmas and the New Year

We have enjoyed your patronage, and
wish you a happy New Year

Phillips
SHOP
CARMEL
BY THE SEA

KING of KINGS, Famous Film, Comes to LOCAL PICTURE HOUSE

The Cecil B. De Mille's masterpiece, "King of Kings" is coming to the Theatre of the Golden Bough on Wednesday and Thursday, January 2 and 3. This wonderful production has been endorsed by hundreds of celebrated divines and scholars and the press and public of this country and Europe, as being the most reverent pictureization of the supreme tragedy of the ages. Produced at a cost of approximately \$2,500,000.00 with eighteen stars and 5,000 persons taking part in its stupendous scenes. Without a doubt it is the greatest picture of the ages and stands alone as a picture of unsurpassed distinction and merit. The story depicts the final months of the life of Jesus which are graphically pictured in this film. The scenes of His Ministry are finely presented. His betrayal, the last supper, trial before Pilate, the condemnation, the Via Dolorosa, the crucifixion and finally the Resurrection, contribute to the screen a succession of pictures which for massiveness, beauty and charm, are unrivalled.



SCENE OF THE LAST SUPPER AND THE KING OF KINGS

In any other screen production ever filmed. Remember this Wednesday and Thursday at the Golden Bough.

THE DESERT SONG COMES TO GOLDEN STATE THEATRE

From a long and sensational run of thirty-three weeks in Los Angeles and seventeen weeks in San Francisco, "The Desert Song" will be seen at the Golden State theatre on Monday evening, January 7th.

Practically the same cast and chorus are with "The Desert Song" now as when it first opened. Perry Askam and Elvira Tanzi still have the leading roles. Tanzi, singing her first musical comedy role and lauded for her work, is declared to be in better voice than ever and it is said that her acting has greatly improved. Others in the cast are Eddie Fetherston, comedian; David Reese, whose tenor voice was an added feature to "The Student Prince" and who is now singing the tenor role in the Romberg operetta; John Merkyl, Nora White, Nenette Vallon, Gary C. Breckner, Myrtis Crinley, John Wagner, Fred Peters and Charles Villar.

The story of "The Desert Song" is a colorful romance against a background of banditry and military life on the border of the desert in Morocco. The music is rich, booming and with a powerful lulling swing.

"The Desert Song" carries its own symphonette orchestra under the leadership of Cecil Stewart, his

men having been with him for several years and insures a highly successful musical rendition of the Romberg score.



PERRY ASKAM, TENOR, IN THE DESERT SONG

FRANZ LUDWIG'S MUSICAL DIGEST

By Thomas Vincent Cator

I have been asked to give a brief sketch of early opera. Hence the

following:

There is special charm to the ballads, madrigals, serenades, and barcarolls that belong to the old Venetian days of pomp and splendor, and of merry gondolas gliding over the blue lagoons. If you would know something of the instruments used during that period examine the brilliant pictures of the Venetian painters from the time of Bellini, with his plump musical angels, down to the age of Giorgione's "Concert," shining out of its golden glow, and Veronese's "Marriage of Cana," in which the artist-musicians figure so prominently. The lute, or testudo, was a very favorite instrument, and also the pipe and harp and viol and guitar and spinet and violinello and clavicembalo.

Some towns had a poet-musician who was paid to perform in the public square, and one of the curious entertainments was that of reciting the words and deeds of Bible characters; these would sometimes be a spectacular accompaniment. The Passion and Resurrection of Christ were thus given, as, for example, in the thirteenth century, in the market-place at Padua.

Best these dramas become too solemn, a harlequin and peddlers and fools were often introduced, their only duty being to jostle constantly against the sacred characters. The music which accompa-

nied them was called a laud. These lauds were selections from the Gregorian Chants combined with popular melodies.

But in the sixteenth century, Filippo Neri, Palestrina's great friend, determined to lure the peasants from these shows as well as from all carnival sports, by giving them something at once more dignified and more attractive. He tried many devices and finally hit upon the following:

He and his disciples would stand in little groups, just outside the doors of the churches, telling Bible stories and exhorting passers-by to stop and listen. These stories were interspersed with lauds. At first they were without scenic display, but later were pictured on stages as little dramas; sometimes being given in the churches, but more often in the small chapel or prayer room called an oratory.

And before long Neri's disciples became "Priests of the Oratory," and the later oratorio, which commenced in these exhibitions of St.

Filippo, took its name from the room in which his simple followers sat and listened with delight to his illustrated lectures.

The word "opera" is derived from the Latin "Opus"—"a work"; and so is a studied form of composition in contrast to an improvisation, which is given without study. It is a musical drama, representing some passionate action. The early

(Continued on page 13)

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STRAY SHEETS of MANUSCRIPT—

From Helen Faulkner

LAND THIRST

Not as distinguished from water—or other thirst, but that compulsion to own which is as strong as the need to create.

Many are immune. We were urging a school teacher to buy instead of rent when he silenced us: "If I lose my job now, the van can move me elsewhere and I can choose my overhead as I please. Your own home is good to have if you can afford it; but not if you have to sell at a sacrifice in order to get your money out when your job shifts. The poor must pay rent." This is the argument practical.

Others enjoy the prospect of making a move every so often. To them a home owned is a millstone. They want to feel free. They want

to be assured that the money paid out for rent is a safely constant amount, unaffected by plumbers' bills and painters' accounts. They like to know that they are perfectly free from responsibility for depreciation. They originated "I should worry." This the argument of convenience.

But for the rest of us land-owning is a continual and compelling hunger. We cannot usually afford it, and we are always "stuck with it on our hands"; but to such adverse circumstances we turn ears deafened by years of spiritual wallowing in real estate. The sight of the papers belonging to a new sliver of good earth is to us more romantic than riches. It is more thrilling than being willed a million, except that in this contingency we should be at once in a position to acquire bigger and better acres.

Those who are our friends look upon us with indulgent pity. It is no unusual thing for himself to be buttonholed in the Post Office to the end that he may profit by a solid investment or so "with a fixed return, you know"—advice which both of us admit the sense of but which neither has the temerity to follow up; it would mean the sacrifice of LAND, somewhere. In vain we are told that we are no longer young; that "only 10 per cent of all humans leave enough to pay the undertaker" (we quote from a cheerful government pamphlet); that being land poor grew obsolete with hoop skirts; that we owe our children an adequate education. It is all, all true—too true. We admit it. Reprehensible of us to continue in sin, for that we have been shown the light.

And yet—we go and sin some more. Mr. Freud would tell us we had sprung from serfs who, never owning land as the feudal lords could, handed down to us in the form of suppressed desire this unremunerative urge to possess the earth. Or perhaps our forebears were so accustomed to owning land that we are driven to it by hereditary impulse (a much more flattering theory).

However that is, we have the thirst. It acts on us like drinking on a mountain trail; the more you take the more you have to have.

Immoral enough, in an age of self-control.

Pity us and our like then, ye more provident sane citizens. We are completely helpless. Income we could indeed do with. But LAND we can by no means do without.

TONSORIALLY SPEAKING

I have tried it in bangs. I have engineered the side-part and flop combination.

I have brushed it severely back (a child screamed as I looked out the window).

I have instituted the middle-part incurving-end silhouette.

I have had a marcel—and a paper curl—and a finger wave—and a wind-blown.

I have squandered six months' salary, my friends' affection and my friends' respect.

And still like a picket fence rigidly it adheres to my bald brow in unyielding strings, answering too frankly the call of gravity, framing too faithfully the shallow moon of my countenance.

Has anyone a suggestion? PINE CONE Bx. 99993333 will get me. I will gladly give free some unexcelled verse—also free—to the happy person who helps me.

Really I despair. Short of getting a new face. BUT—

The next time I'm born—IT SHALL CURL!

TREES WILL BE LONGER THIS YEAR

—we hope.

Perhaps one of us know that we harbor in our midst persons who loudly proclaim love of trees, while insisting that theirs be expurgated by topping, trimming and otherwise deforming the shape in which they were created.

These people have sniffled over Joyce Kilmer's lines without seeming to grasp the whole idea at all. They are sentimentalists who are willing to make speeches about preventing the Council from destroying trees, while with the other hand (so to speak!) they are slicing off their own to measure the view or the garage or what-not.

We do not speak of hedges. A hedge is a wall. But—

Do you know where to find a Carmel pine trimmed around like English box? We do. Have you seen a Carmel eucalyptus topped? We have. Can you find on the Peninsula a row of pepper trees with luxuriant long hair neatly clipped to a uniform height of eight feet? We can. A craze of neatness has hit our care of trees. Yes, in the city of Salinas someone is actually "shaping" two beautiful (once) American elms, meant to spread fanshape to the sky, into proper little round spheres of foliage, dense as rubber balls and about as attractive.

The worst feature of this mistaken neatness is that often it is the professional garden men who will tell you that such is the way to do your trimming. Goodness knows we do not say that there should never be any of it at all. Trimming is right and proper per se. But you have to do it with some dim reference to the tree's natural shape, not in accordance with geometrical formulae. Let us be thankful there are still left gardeners who do the work because they love it; these would no more help to malfarm a tree than they would a human being; for to them trees are in some subtle fashion alive to hurt and to love.

It is the same old rule of fitness. One might misquote it into "Autres, arbres, autres meurs". Trees have their contours, each kind perfect unto itself and beautiful. To shuffle these contours about is the jest of a clown. To change at all the ceated likeness of a growing

thing is to mock Delty.

Let us hope that the only fashion in trees will come to be the fashion of cherishing each one's rightful shape and size.

REWARD OF THE WICKED

My gardener I just paid off Until the coming spring. And then I worried about rain, Worried like anything: Would all my flowers droop and die Because I told that man goodbye?

Next day from out the ocean blew A wind both loud and wet; And oh, the rain it pattered down. And it is pattering yet! I am as happy as can be, And all my flowers smile at me.

HE KNOWS WE EAT IT UP

'Twas the voice of the store-man; I hear him declare, "Shop early, shop early, my dear. For the goods they are few and the crowds they are fierce At the Christmas-tree end of the year."

Now for several years in winters like this

I have heard him thus urgently speak,

And I think by this time he must make his remarks

With a skeptical tongue in his cheek:

For his heart knows that what we all love is the rush And the noise and the crowd and the holiday crush!

THE LONELY SURF

Left alone at night time, The Surf comes softly up the beach And glides across the white sand Where in the day he does not reach.

Wistfully the Surf comes To float some child's forgotten toy, Seeking to be intimate With ghosts of sleeping girl and boy.

Lonely in the night time, The Surf must smile as he pretends Cuddling sandy ramparts Of castles reared by children's friends.

Backward to the ocean In the morning he must go— How he played with children's toys, Nobody must ever know.

Miss Virginia Rockwell, student at Pomona college in Claremont, near Pasadena, is spending the holidays with her family in Carmel.

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HAPPY
NEW
YEAR

WHAT THE EDITORS THINK

General Comment

A YEAR OF PROGRESS

End of 1928, and time to take a squint back over it. What have the months done for Carmel? Let's go over the Pine Cone files of the year just past.

The Kocher building was nearing completion and El Paseo had been started at the end of 1927. These structures established a type for the larger and more substantial business blocks, just as the Kuster shops around the Golden Bough had given us the style for our small downtown buildings. During the year, the Merle Treasure Shop on Ocean avenue; the Leidig Building on Dolores street, which has just started; four stores at Ocean above San Carlos, not finished yet; and Pine Inn's extensions fully planned, have indicated that the commercial growth is to be along lines of beauty.

There has been rather a slump in residential building this year, within Carmel's city limits, anyway. That was to be foreseen, as the village had grown fast, and rather tightly in spots. Property owners are not liking the idea of being too crowded, and are reaching out for the vacant next-door lot, or letting the neighbor have their single 40 by 100, rather than build eave against eave. Which is as Carmel would like it, larger holdings and fewer houses.

There have been a few examples—and very few—of the bungalow court idea, so prevalent in most coast cities; nor have these been profitable here. One notable example has carried its large "For Sale" sign, offering itself in whole or in detailed part, for months without doing business. Results do not encourage the spread of the idea, even if the zoning ordinance is as weak an instrument as some people evidently believe it to be.

Which is hopeful, indeed, when we consider that City Planning hasn't made more than a half-step forward during the year. The loving consideration of Carmel's people for their village has kept it in character, rather than any laws passed by its Council or Commissions. The town waits hopefully for something definite to issue from its legal bodies, but intends to hold its charm and distinction with or without their help.

City Planning and Regional Planning, a year ago, were words of great promise. A few months later, they were fighting words. Today, they cause a sardonic smile. Schemes of beautification, both for the village and for the peninsula, get lost when passed up to the legal commissions, and nothing comes from them as a substitute. They might as well not exist. The hope for Carmel is in its resident people, not its officials of government.

On the whole, and especially if compared with other towns around it, the year has been prosperous for Carmel. There have been more shops with the consequent division of business, but the total of trade, as shown by the quarterly statements of the Bank of Carmel, has been steadily growing.

The dramatic situation has probably shown the greatest change of any important part of Carmel's activities, if comparison is made with twelve months ago. Then it was very much on the upward trend, and during winter, spring and summer gave generously and well. Both the Golden Bough and the Abalone League's

Carmel Pine Cone

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIF.

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PERRY NEWBERRY and ALLEN GRIFFIN, Publishers

MOON-STAIRS

By IRENE ALEXANDER

Let just the mild mid-crescent of the moon
Lay curved white stairs for your descending feet
Into these formless shadows where we meet,
Forever; let no shrill, leaping noon
Startle with sapient touch the fluted tune
That carries to our blood strange, woodland beat
Of dancing satyr-hoof, nor still the sweet
Low laugh of fleeing dryads all too soon!

For this half-light that blurs the curving stair
Of your descent, has carved its amulet
Upon your flesh and mine—no earthly grace
That swings in patterned arc to meet the glare
Of noon-day sun, but timeless radiance, set
To echoing rhythms blown through star-hung space.

SIMONETTA

By GUSTAV DAVIDSON
(In The Harp)

The golden girls are gone from Thessaly
And there are not more golden girls in Crete:
None with the spinning hair and flying feet
And bodies cool as wind-calls, dryad-free.
They are no more, they and their ecstasy.
Their fabled lovers, too, whose kiss was sweet,
Are long forgotten, as the dream and beat
Of beauty that was theirs inenarrably.

But you, O golden, walk the streets of Rome
More fair than Hebe was, more loved than she:
Your brow, a wave of light; your feet, a foam
Of Phaeacian snow. And all the chastity
Of heaven that named your heart its earthly home,
Speaks from your lips an immortality.

FROM "LOBOS"

By JEANNE D'ORGE

Foam flowers spring from spray
bud and bloom and break away
into a million million glittering seeds
all in one moment.
All in one moment they are scattered—
the wave takes them in soft shining hands
scatters and weaves them in and out
into patterns of delicate silken lace—
lace like a scarf.
There are no words sheer enough to tell
of that scarf
or of the floating silver serpent curves
it makes winding about a rock.
Sometimes it stays there a long while—
sometimes the wind whisks it off
and back to the merchant sea.

YELLOW LEAF

By BERTHA NEWBERRY
(In Troubadour)

Oh, then she was a dancing flame,
Her rosy, beating finger tips
Awoke more wild and bitter wars
Than all of Helen's vaunted ships.

Then, arrogant and sweet she sped
Along the scented path of Spring.
Now, slow her feet with lassitude
And grim her lips, remembering.

About her throat concealing veils,
Proud throat that lured the lover's kiss,
And hidden now, once flaming hair
That might have crowned Semiramis.

Then eyes went seeking after her,
This now is her Gethsemane,
That if she come or if she go
Eyes seek her not desiringly.

Carmel Playhouse had amateur outfits perpetually in rehearsal, as plays were given for three, four and even seven nights of substantial business. Today the Golden Bough is a movie-house, and the Carmel Playhouse is dark.

Both the Art Association and the Music Society are healthy; and Carmel's clubs and organizations for social work or special service are in fine condition. So are the churches and the school. All in all, it has been a year of progress.

NO MATTER HOW FRAGRANT

The Pine Cone does not publish praise about itself. The editors feel that their readers want news and comment about Carmel, and that no bouquets, no matter how fragrant to the editorial nose, have a place in our columns. But a word of public recognition is due to friends in this country and abroad, who have taken time off to write us words of praise. If their expressions are not quoted in our columns, it is not because the editors are not delighted with them. For we are. We read and reread them with a congratulatory grin. Such heartening appreciation is tonic. But it only serves to confirm us in our policy of publishing only matters pertaining to our village. For it is this policy more than anything else that has inspired the letters of our admirers.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

How can it be anything but happy for Carmel! The world sends its choice ones to us. Imperceptibly they drift in adding to our total, until all at once we wake up, rub our eyes, and look about in astonishment. How this little community of ours has shot up and broadened out! Underground telephone wires in the down town section, parking limits, stop signs, fire-proof business buildings. We are facing the new year a city, made up of the desirable qualities of Carmel village multiplied.

The usual evils of rapid growth are conspicuously absent—jerry built structures, ruff raff and hangers on, speculators plotting against the town's interests to line their own pockets, ballyhooing to outsiders, begging them to come to our city to swell the population, to increase building statistics at any cost, all with but a single object in view—to grow any old way so long as we grow! It is as if a farmer were to cultivate his fields for the sole purpose of raising as many things as possible—weeds, vegetables, grains, fruit trees, anything at all so long as it grows. Like our mushroom cities, the only harvest that farmer'd ever have would be weeds.

No, Carmel is not like that. We are happy in the possession of a citizenry who would resist growth for growth's sake. To the last man they'd oppose feeding this fair community to the land sharks, or in any way booming and boosting it. To those who belong, rich or poor, our gates are open wide. God fashioned this lovely spot, and we, the lucky possessors, intend to keep it in trust for those who know how to appreciate it. May the right ones come to us during the next twelve months, and they cannot be too numerous. To them and to all Carmel the Pine Cone wishes a Happy New Year!

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

STOCKS, BONDS AND MORTGAGES

One by one Carmelites drift back to the village after their sallies into the world. "These other towns are such a bore," says Tom Cator. "Hardly anyone there who can talk your language. All busy gabbling about jazz, radios, automobiles and everlasting business! One gets awfully lonesome away from Carmel." Approximately that's what they all say.

We're proud of the avocations of our merchants. They transact business efficiently enough, heaven knows! But they're human beings as well. An intelligent dog interests them more than the sale of a stove. While cutting a piece of window glass a hardware merchant discourses on canine psychology, and I return for another pane I don't need just to hear him talk. A silent druggist with ruddy face, after selling me a tube of tooth paste, modestly displays a bear skin of a rare species which he shot in the Canadian Rockies.

Speechless I listen to his tale of mountain climbing, sleeping on ground covered with snow, wild life in the inaccessible fastnesses of Nature. He flies back in his own plane—to sell pills in Ocean avenue. Another tells of his life at college, his ambition to be an author, his interest in writing men and what they are doing, even while he sells groceries on a corner. Go into the lives behind Carmel counters and you will wander in many lands, see strange and wonderful things—and here they are in our midst with their treasures of heart and mind, their background of experience

and romance, supplying you and me with butter and eggs, cider and turkeys, looking into our eyes with understanding light, Anton Lang in his little inn at Oberamergau has no broader horizons than Carmel business men.

How drab and soulless nearly all the other towns seem by comparison! Let us be thankful there is such a place as Carmel where monotony and materialism, so prevalent elsewhere, cannot wither our souls. Where the great steam roller of commercialism cannot crush out the spirit and joy of living, and flatten us to the consistency of stocks, bonds and mortgages.

FUNDS FROM ABROAD

A substantial portion of the funds subscribed for the Christmas Festival have been sent in by readers of the Pine Cone in Boston, New York, and other parts of the world. Considering that few if any of them will be able to attend the Story of the Nativity and gather about the community Christmas tree, both of which celebrations their generosity has helped to make possible, we feel they are especially entitled to Carmel's appreciation and thanks.

The sort of people unselfish enough to send money to a distant place where they cannot be personally thanked or receive any benefit, are the kind any town is lucky to have. That Carmel ere long may count these generous friends among its citizens is the sincere wish of the Pine Cone.

People Talked About

How would you like to face an enraged grizzly mother bear, charging you at full speed, and not thirty feet away when you spied her? This is the experience Tom Bickle of the Palace Drug Store had recently, and I asked him how he felt?

He grinned modestly. "Why, it's nothing at all. I had my 30-30 Savage rifle, didn't I? And the big fellow was running toward me on its hind legs, which made an easy mark for anyone to hit."

"But suppose your trigger finger had had a touch of stage fright and had hesitated a couple of seconds?"

"Then I wouldn't be here answering your questions," said the hunter-druggist, I thought with a touch of satisfaction.

The silver tip bear shot by Tom Bickle is a rare specimen, the only one of its kind bagged in Canada in two years. The hunter also felled a cougar, eight feet seven inches from tip to tip. And for this the Government of Canada, because they are waging war on this destructive beast, paid him a tidy reward, and permitted him to retain the skin.

There's nothing old-fashioned about Tom Bickle. When he goes hunting or anywhere else, it is strictly in an up-to-date fashion. In his own plane he flew from Carmel to Vancouver, stopping off for the night at Portland. The trip took eleven hours, not counting stops. The party then motored to Gilles Camp, forty miles northeast of Vancouver. Picking up a guide at the camp they proceeded mule back into one of the impenetrable fastnesses of the Canadian Rockies. Through forest and over rocks they forced their way across trailless country, climbing 3000 feet above sea level. In a day and a half of the hardest kind of going

they made 38 miles. At night Bickle slept on the snow covered ground in a sleeping bag. The three other members of the party filled the small tent.

"After Carmel, how did you like eating and sleeping in the midst of snow?" I asked.

"We enjoyed every comfort," insisted the hunter, in a tone that showed he meant what he said. "In the morning I unlimbered my casting outfit and caught enough steel head trout for the boys' breakfast. They averaged fifteen inches long, and about three pounds weight. Our guide made the traditional flapjacks, tossing them high into the falling snow, and they came down in his griddle every time, none the worse for the seasoning of snow flakes."

But I was more interested in the dramatic encounter with dangerous beasts. "Did you see much wild life?" I asked.

"Yes, considerable. I went out originally after moose, but found we were a few days too early. The season on moose was still closed. We saw several, but all we could do was look at 'em. There were mountain goats in the high places, to say nothing of elk, deer, and innumerable small game. The region is seldom hunted, and harbors an abundance of all kinds of game. Its inaccessibility makes it very expensive as well as difficult to enter. The pack mule is the only transportation possible."

"How did the silver tip happen to charge you at such close range?"

"It's cub had been disturbed, and it was raving mad. It was almost upon me before I saw it. A Lowry of San Diego got the mule to it."

If you happen to call at the drug store and Tom hasn't taken them home, you'll see several rare and

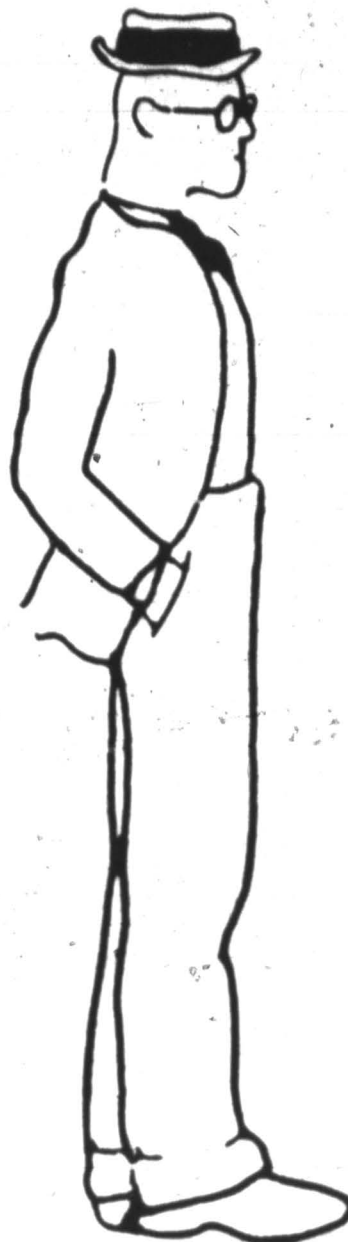
beautiful skins of a silky softness, prepared by a taxidermist who is master of his art.

Alvin Beller, an artist formerly of Detroit, has purchased Lorikeet on San Carlos of K. E. Wood and plans to spend considerable time sketching our rocks and hills and sea coast, before going abroad next spring. On his return he expects to make Carmel his home. His mother, Mrs. Clara L. Beller is with him, and they have already moved into Lorikeet.

G. E. Schilling, recently in charge of landscaping the parks of Los Angeles, and head of the agricultural department of the Los Angeles public schools, as well as former member of the faculty of the University of Southern California, is in Carmel engaged in promoting small farms in this vicinity for retired business and professional men of moderate incomes and to artists and writers. He advocates a 3 or 10 acre tract and recommends the raising of seeds, bulbs, chickens, truck gardening. He has taken charge of the farm department of the Peninsula Realty Company, and believes before long the hill-sides along the Carmel valley and south will be dotted with occasional small farms. "A man can not make his entire living on such a farm very easily, but it is an excellent way to augment a small income, and to vary an artist or writer's occupation," said Mr. Schilling.

Art Bragg came down to Carmel from Stanford to be with his parents on Christmas. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Bragg.

Jack Flanner — Beginning with the New Year I intend to get a hair cut every week so that I will not be embarrassed by tourists mistaking me for Lord Byron.



Fritz T. Wursman solemnly Resolves to abandon his business of polishing typewriters and take up Piano tuning. Any attractive young lady interested in Matrimony and well acquainted with the art of making Pretzels, will kindly call Mr. Wursman at his office between the hrs. of 2 and 5. (Not an Adv.)

Homer Levinson — Starting with the first week of 1929 I will give away one Ford automobile with every ten gallons of gasoline purchased at the Carmel Garage. If I forget this liberal offer I would be glad to have you drop in and remind me!



I, Kelly Clarke, do hereby Resolve to pursue the Career of artist de luxe, and after painting the walls of the Studio Restaurant my services will be available to the Public at an exorbitant fee!

Bettie Greene — In 1929 I have resolved to sell my stable and open a dancing skool in Carmel, where I will instruct my pupils in the gentle art of the Terpsicore.

Carl Rohr — For advertising purposes I have Resolved to furnish the finest grade of electric heaters free to all doctors.

China Morse — I hereby Resolve to move my household furniture down to Doc Stanifords store so that I

will not be bothered having to walk back and forth every day.

Mayer Benham — In 1929 I have Resolved to erect a large and magnificent blding in Carmel, sed blding to be used for the sole purpose of entertaining visiting royalty!

Eddie O'Brien — After seriously considering the matter of bewtifying the city of Carmel I have Resolved to undertake it myself! I will begin by immortalizing the members of the Carmel Woman's Club in bronze, and if I ever accomplish sed feet I will start in on the City Cowncil!



(No other than James K. Mills) See the young poet grave and grim. With countenance contrary, Santa brought a book to him— 'Twas a rhyming dictionary!

Seth Ulman — My only Resolution this year is a very noble one, mainly, I, Seth Ulman, solemnly Resolve to give away one free lot at San Remo to any person beating me at bridge, poker or tiddle-de-winks!

Daisy Bostick — In 1929 I Resolve to get arrested at least once a day for speeding, double parking and disregarding traffick signals, in order that I may help the poor policemen!



I Have Resolved that beginning with the New Year I will dress up like a girl, even though it makes me feel very Melinkoly.

Carmel's Early Inhabitants—

We are creatures of environment, say the historians. And if so, Carmelites must resemble Adam and Eve, since both inhabited a paradise. And especially, we should be like the Indians who gambled over our beach and hills before Columbus came. Perhaps you don't believe there were Indians here then. If you insisted on proof other than written words, it would be difficult to find, so completely have our predecessors been eradicated. But if you will go down to the beach and poke around over one of Elizabeth McClung White's dunes, you'll discover a heap of shell fragments just beneath the sand, where the early inhabitants of Carmel-by-the-Sea smoked their fish and tossed their cracked abalone soup plates. But practically all we know of the Indians has come down to us from explorers and historians, who picked up information, as soon as they learned to talk one of the nineteen different dialects in which the first Carmelites did their jabbering.

These natives were surrounded by the identical hills and sea that

bound us. They enjoyed the same soft June days month after month, interspersed at rare intervals with sou'westers of blurred by gas attacks from the foggy Pacific. There was only one day, one week, one month, one year in their calendar. Petalumas, meaning "nice day," stood for it all. Days other than nice, did not count and were too infrequent to bother finding a name for.

If we really are creatures of environment, as they say, there should be innumerable points of similarity between the early Indian and the Carmelite of today. In the account that follows the intelligent reader will be on the lookout for such points. The unintelligent will see the resemblance without effort.

First, just a word about the general situation in California, a century before it had a name. In the beginning of its history, it was the most inhabited spot in America. There were easily 700,000 souls subsisting along this coast. The northern Indians were the Shastas. The mountain is named after the braves, and the daisy after their sweethearts. Unlike our first inhabitants as well as those of today, the northern tribes were united. Like us they were a bit scrappy, but not too much so. Before the coming of the Irish and the discovery of gold, no Californian had much use for a fight. In this respect they were unlike the "noble savage" our New England forefathers spilt so much blood over.

In the early days the Southern Californian was noted for poor table manners, and sanctimoniousness. They dined on snakes, lizards, insects and rats, did their hair in a cue, and tossed a grasshopper into their cocktails in place of a cherry. They were far more religious than their scoffing brethren of today. Even then they had Amys and temples in which they sacrificed birds and bats to a strange deity. A prophetess, or anyone guilty of abduction or murder was safe so long as she managed to crawl inside the temple before the enraged authorities could get her. A strange parallel, this, to the medieval right of sanctuary, and one the learned doctors have as yet been unable to account for.

The middle state natives along our beach were of quite a dif-

ferent breed of cats" so to speak. Even at the dawn of its history, Carmel was different. Take murder. There was no capital punishment in Old Carmel. Killers got off easy, and in spite of it, murders were infrequent. Then women and beads were the legal coinages of the realm. Objects for sale in bazaars were priced in both. A drum of smoked fish at a bargain cost two women, or a hundred beads. Men were not supposed to be worth anything, and the supposition was correct. They were a luxury, an obligation, an expense to the community. They did all the loafing that was done, and the women, all the work. When the mischievous murderer called on his victim's relatives to settle up, his first question would be, "How many women (or beads) will it cost me?" Then they haggled over the price until an agreement was reached. Whereupon, if "hard" money was called for, the killer hustled over to his harem, selected five or six wives, and paid them over as damages. Nobody seems to know why, but the price for a woman murder was just half that asked for a man.

Carmel has always expressed individuality in the matter of dress. In the earliest days the "lords of creation" wore belts for ordinary street attire. Correct evening dress, as rigidly fixed then as now, consisted of a breech clout called a "G string," and fastened with a mother of pearl stud. On all occasions the women wore aprons of woven grass. It was not thought worth while to provide them with a different costume for parties.

There is little warmth in a belt, or an apron of grass, even during a winter as mild as those in Carmel. When the cool breezes began to blow, both sexes smeared a thick coating of mud over their bodies. These adobe underclothes are the forerunners of present day "undies" and union suits. And it cannot be said in this case that modern innovations are an improvement. Liquid mud, when it dries, fits the human form to perfection. No buttons are required and rips and tears are repaired instantly with a handful of goo. From November to March the inhabitants were veritable walking mud-baths. Rheumatism was unknown in Old Carmel.

The savages had a way of clothing those parts of the body best protected by Nature, and exposing places in need of cover. Heads well naded with hair, were further sunnied with squirrel skins, a symbol indicative of the native brain, as well as feathers and oak leaves. By some it is thought the laurel wreath was not unknown to them. Women tattooed lines in their faces where wrinkles are most likely to appear. The men painted broad bands about their bodies, a custom which survived till recently in the native suits of San Quentin.

Our earliest men were lazy in more ways than there are words in their nineteen dialects to express. As a fight meant effort they avoided trouble wherever possible. If an unavoidable crisis arose between families or tribes, heralds were appointed on both sides, like seconds in a duel. They selected the battle field, and attended to all other details. Their elaborate arrangements were more reminiscent of a banquet than a bloody contest. Many of Carmel's outdoor shows have been modeled directly on these quaint contests of our predecessors. Their fiercest battle seldom progressed beyond expressions of pique on the part of professional actors. The opposing armies drew up facing each other, heavily armed with clubs, spears, and a kind of scimitar set with sharp flints, like the serrated teeth of a man-eating shark. They

howled at each other, hurling vituperation instead of spears, until one side was shouted down. If shouts failed to vanquish a foe, the fighters made faces, and even stuck out their tongues at one another. If such extreme measures proved undecided, actual blows were occasionally exchanged, to the intense disgust of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty on Battlefields.

More frequently the opposing armies retired to their homes and plotted each other's destruction, in a way that avoided soiling their hands with blood. The results of their plotting was some thing very like what happened in present day Carmel along our residence streets. The Indians dug holes in the roads. Man traps, historians call them. At the bottom they planted sticks tipped with sharpened elk's horns. The unlucky enemy, falling into one of these concealed traps was usually impaled beyond recovery, and lucky for him if he was. If he chanced to fall un-impaled between two sticks, escape was equally impossible. The sides of the pit tapered in toward the top to prevent the victim's crawling out.

With their enemy harmless in a hole, the natives indulged in orgies of cruelty. The victim was cunningly tortured. He was scalped, his hands and feet cut off and prized as trophies. If he had been a mighty warrior, one to be respected by an enemy, his flesh was eaten as a brace to make weak men strong. Aside from this practice,

the first Carmelites were not cannibals.

Our early inhabitants were not only too lazy to fight. They were slothful in other ways. Rather than exert themselves hunting game, they invented all manner of traps, then lay down in the shade and slept. Only when hungry did they visit their snares. Rabbits, squirrels, small deer, and other harmless beasts and birdies were their prey. Bob cats, mountain lions and grizzly bear they regarded from a distance and made no attempt to disturb. Fishing was easier than trapping, and early Carmelites subsisted principally on sea food. They built a platform above the stream, tossed a rude hook and line into the water, and lay down and slept until the bite of a fish or an insect recalled them to consciousness. Occasionally the more energetic, the young bloods of the day, dammed up a stream, leaving a small opening for water to flow through. Here they speared the fish as fast as they came along. Our salmon waterfall fisheries in the Columbia River are a modern adaptation of this practice.

Then as today, the most fruitful cause of bad blood between groups and families, was woman. The French did not invent "serchez la femme." Next to woman, came disputes over dam rights and the practice of sorcery, another name for the religious warfare of civilized man. The "early birds" in Carmel, unlike their Los Angeles cousins,

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did not dine on worms. But they devoured fish-meat raw, except in winter when it was smoked to make it last. Historians have called our predecessors "Diggers" because much of their diet was composed of roots, and they were forever digging them up. They had no boats, but a rude, narrow raft fashioned out of limbs of trees tied together. Sitting astride these like ranchers on horse back, young men rode them in the waves in a manner faintly reminiscent of Hawaiians at Waikiki. With Ariat in hand, the

bolder ones attempted to lasso sea lions, but it is not recorded that they succeeded. A stranded whale on the beach provided food for a generation, and historical events were dated from the Blubbery Age of Plenty.

If the men were lazy, the women were not. They wove cloth and baskets of grass, and tanned deer skins. So fine was their workmanship, woven receptacles held water, and were used for kitchen utensils. The homes of the first inhabitants were not more eccentric than many tucked away in Carmel's woods today. To build a home the natives sank poles in the ground, then pulled the ends toward the center and tied them, leaving an opening about eighteen inches in diameter. The structure was called Wikiup, the name chosen by Mary Austin for her Carmel home in a tree. The native sense of economy prompted the use of the chimney opening for front door as well. This peculiarity has given birth to much controversy in historical circles. Did Santa Claus, or did he not, get his idea of entering a house through the chimney from Carmel's early population? The Indian stairway consisted of a notched pole leading to the front door flue. A corresponding pole inside the house conducted the guest to the floor. If madam and monsieur chanced to be "not at home" to an unwelcome caller, an evil smelling smudge suggestive of Monterey's canneries was used to discourage visitors from forcing an entrance.

The women were kept so busy providing for their males, it is not surprising if the housekeeping was not all that could be desired. When cleaning time arrived in the spring, instead of holding their noses and ignoring their surroundings, the wives met the situation as ingeniously as did Alexander the Great when confronted with the Gordian knot. They set fire to the home and recklessly burned it to the ground—in a manner Chief Leidig never would have approved. Then, choosing a site beyond smelling distance of the old place, they built a new home.

The native wedding was a quaint affair, though somewhat wholesale in its nature. The bridegroom married not only the bride, but the old maid sisters, and if unattached, the mother as well. A mother-in-law, if included in the party, was careful to mind her p's and q's. At any moment the bridegroom had the right to consider her as coinage of the realm, and use her for the purchase of any little trinket that took his fancy. The Old Folks Home was six feet underground and not a comfortable place at all. And anyone who so desired, was privileged to dispatch a troublesome old lady to Kingdom Come. No won-

der grandmas were polite and knitted all sorts of G strings for their grandsons. Is the practice of grandmotherly knitting today a survival of this pretty custom?

The married man was not limited to the females of one family. He filled his harem from many sources and the number of wives he had taking care of him testified to his respectability and virility as a man. Physicians in early times, as in Carmel today, led precarious lives and were in danger of attack. If a patient failed to recover, the doctor was promptly killed. Considering the risk he ran, the surviving physician charged a heavy fee for his services, setting a precedent followed scrupulously by his successor in present times. It is not surprising if early practitioners refused to accept cases suffering with incurable ailments. The sorely afflicted usually had to shift for themselves. Wiser than medical men, dentists refused all practice outside of the female members of their own family, for in the early days dental surgery was almost invariably fatal. The lack of expert attention for molars, bicuspids and incisors gave rise to a curious custom, which learned minds of today have been at a loss to account for. It seems the savages had a habit of filing their teeth down so far into the gums, until it could be truthfully said, they had no teeth. The reason seems obvious to me. Since they had no dentists to care for them, they were simply getting rid of their teeth. What good are teeth without dentists to keep them from aching?

The largest building in the village was then (as now) the bath house on the beach. The ancient one, without intending it, was a Turkish affair. All openings were closed and a fire in the center heated it to suffocation. When the natives packed into the room could stand it no longer, they crawled out the only egress, a hole under the ground, and plunged into a stream. Besides sweat baths, the ailing dosed themselves generously with a tonic brewed from the bones of their dead enemies. Without the handicap of a physician, the most desperate cases frequently recovered. Those that succumbed were buried in cemeteries according to sex. For in death, if not in life, the sexes were separated. There were no promiscuous burials.

In the women's cemetery a grass basket was placed at the head of each grave. It expressed the poor soul's life activity as fully as anything could. A colored pole marked the burial place of a man. Probably because they had bated all their lives, the men were supposed to show great activity after death. Hence, though they had idled away their days being in the shade by the fire, they were buried in an upright posture, with arms in their hands. Undertakers were paid to make their customers look peppy.

And now that our first inhabitants have been disposed of and decently buried, the reader has only to get under the skin of the twentieth century Carmelite to discover how closely the old and new resemble each other. Truly we are the victims of our environment. Such things as hills, ocean and climate inexorably shape our lives. If there are among us today any Carmelites aspiring to be energetic and peppy, judging from indications, they are, like their predecessors, putting it off till the hereafter.

POURING THOUGHTS

By Hal Kerry

Why be heavy with tears of pain? The day is grey, but hear the rain! Bath is a youth, strong and tall, Dancing on rooftops, painting the wall.

Soggy black fireplace wheezing smoke; Tragic today—tomorrow a joke. The rain is a child, let it play! Tomorrow this will be yesterday.

Tears? Why yes, the rain is that. Laughter tears on my Carmel flat. Washing the sky white sun will shine.

(Thank God it doesn't rain all the time.

LOBOS SONG

By Hal Kerry

I dip my pen in the boiling sea, I wrote my song on a cypress tree. The wing of a gull I used for a quill And a jagged rock was my window-sill.

Mossy rock stairs beneath my feet, Silver fish in the window seat. A weather beaten stone my chair, My only wine the sweet salt air.

Strange how happy a man can be! His couch a log, his parlor the sea. His roof a nothing of crystal blue Laden with sunshine and golden dew!

YULETIDE PARTY WILL BE HELD AT DOUGLAS SCHOOL

Mrs. Grace Parsons Douglas of Douglas camp and Douglas school, in Del Monte forest, gives most enthusiastic reports of the coming Yuletide party to be held in camp from December 27 to January 2. Among those already registered to attend are Miss Patricia Janas, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Janas, of Los Angeles, and her two brothers, Eddie and Billie; also Miss Betty Janas and Miss Virginia Janas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Janas, also of Los Angeles; Miss Margaret Bowden, daughter of Mrs. W. G. Bowden; Miss Nona Gale Baker, daughter of Mrs. G. N. Baker; Miss Maxine Dalley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Dalley; Miss Janet King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. King; Miss Pamela Prime, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Coleman, Jr.; Miss Grace Huntington, daughter of Mrs. Harwood Huntington, of Boston, Mass., and Los Angeles; Misses Janet and Margaret Williams, daughters of Mrs. Susan M. Williams, formerly of Richmond, Mich., now of Los Angeles; Miss Marian Yeatman, student at Pomona college, Claremont, Calif., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Yeatman; Miss Giesca, daughter of Mrs. Carra Cobbs Giesca; Miss Janet Dines, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dines of Dallas, Texas; Miss Mary Elizabeth Forayth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Herbert of Santa Barbara; Misses Jean and Laura Louise Wilder, daughters of Mrs. G. P. Wilder of Montecito, Calif. Mrs. Douglas will

escort most of these young ladies from Los Angeles to the camp. Among the many interesting features planned for the week will be a rodeo at William S. Tevis' ranch at Bloomfield, near Gilroy, on Saturday, December 29. There will be fancy riding and roping by Mr. Tevis. Richard Collins, who has been so successful during the summer camp seasons at Douglas camp in teaching horsemanship, will ride a bucking horse, and there will be various types of riding done by the buckaroos.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Doss and their family have taken the Oalf cottage for the balance of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Work have gone up to Piedmont to spend the holidays with Mrs. Work's parents.

Miss Edith Dickinson has come to join her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Dickinson for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Frisbie who have been spending some weeks in Carmel have returned to San Francisco. Mr. Frisbie is cellist for the NBC quartette.

SAN REMO

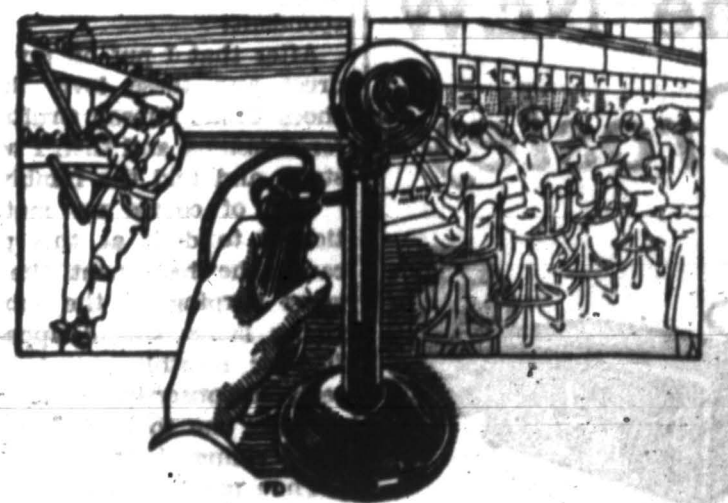
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THE MATOOR MIND

By Peggy Palmer



Greetings!
from
Peggy

Well, for the past few days, I have been thinking quite a lot about the subject of New Year's, because this is the one opportunity you have to correct your mistakes and start all over again on a new leaf or something! And I have come to the conclusion that every intelligent young girl ought to make at least one really Serious Resolution and then devote the rest of her life in keeping it.

First I thought I would Solemnly Resolve to give up Spinich, but I simply detest Spinich anyway, so there would not be anything noble in making a Resolution about this quaint vegetable!

Then I decided I would Resolve to give up playing polo, because then my dear papa would save oodles of money not having to buy new mallits all the time or pay large riding bills at Mister Hodges stable! But then I happened to remember that I already gave up Polo several weeks ago when I discovered I was getting quite knock-kneed. Because no matter how intelligent a young girl is why she cannot appear Exotick if she starts getting knock-kneed!

Well, just when I was about to give up in Despair I happened to think of a frightfully Noble Resolution, and right at this instant I Solemnly swore that I would stop wearing Trowsers and dress up like a girl, in spite of the fact that it always makes me feel very despondent!

After that I put on my new pink dress and these lovely lizard skin shoes Uncle Gibson Crufts sent me for Crissmus, and then I went down stairs and told the fambly.

Well of course my mother was tickled to death at this point, because she has spent the last ten years harping on the subject how young ladies should appear dignified or something, and how it is really disconcerting for a great big girl like me to go around wearing these riding clothes all the time!

Then papa sed, Well, Margaret, I certainly am proud of you, and I gess a father ought to follow his daughters example. I gess I ought to make a Resolution too! Frances, are there any Resolutions you would like to have me make? Because if there are I solmly promise to keep them forever and ever!

There's just one thing, Walter, sed my mother, and if you would promise me that I would be the happiest woman in the world! I do wish you would stop hanging around that awful Race Track over at Salinas and associatine with that dreadful Mister Gold Tooth Ginsberg and that frightful Hogan creature!

Well, nana considered this matter for a minit and then he sed, Maybe you're right, my dear, they're awfully nice chaps in their way, but after all they haven't got much social standing. Alright, Frances, I promise never to go over to that Race Track again! The fact is I'm not much interested in horses any-

more.—I gess I'm getting old!

Fiddlesticks, sed my mother, you're just getting some sense! Then my mother went over and kissed papa on the top of his bald spot and she sed, Honestly, Walter, I know you'll be much happier and I'm sure you can find some lovely frends right here in Carmel, —there's Mister Jordan for instance and that nice Mister Penton Foster!

Alright, sed papa, from now I'm going to lead a different life. I'm going to spend all my time attending lektures and improving my mind!

Well at this point the door bell rang and papa went to see who it was, and about two seconds later he came back bringing this large jolly looking gentleman and he sed, Frances, I want you to meet my frend Mister Ginsberg, — Charlie, this is my wife and daughter.

Please to meetcha, sed Mister Ginsberg. Say, Walt, me an Rat-Tail Hogan just come over from Salinas on a Garbage Truck. I got some great news for you,—Say, that bay mare of yours has got a Colt! Swellest colt I ever seen!

Whoopee! Sed papa, and he started dancing around and clapping his hands with glee. Gosh, Charlie, that sure is good news!

Its a swell colt, sed Mister Ginsberg, I gess it oughta be a World's Record horse alright.

Gee Whiz, sed papa, What if it should win the Derby or something! Whoopee!

Well, I gotta blow now, Walt, sed Mister Ginsberg, Me an Rat-Tail promist to help Sing-Sing Joe Mulligan collect a load of Garbage.

Then Mister Ginsberg suddinly remembered his manners so he turned to my mother and he sed, So long, Sister! Glad to have saw you!

Then papa took Mister Ginsberg out to the front door, and my mother sed, Rat Tails! Garbage Trucks! Margaret, we will have to fumigate this house from top to bottom!

And at this point papa came back beaming and he sed, Gosh, Frances, did you hear what Charlie sed? Isn't that swell? gee, I never was so happy in all my life!

You don't by any chance recall a solemn Resolution you were just making when that dreadful creature put in his appearance do you? sed my mother.

Oh, that! sed papa. Well, reely, Frances, I was only kidding. You can't expect a man to keep an idiotick promise like that!

You certainly are a shining example for a growing girl, sed my mother, sarcastically. How long do you suppose your daughter can keep her resolutions with you breaking yours like that?

Well, to tell the truth, mama, I sed, I was just going to break it anyway, because I was just thinking how it is awfully childish to make New Year's Resolution and all! Take my case, for instance! Here I went and Resolved to wear girls clothes and everything, and now I find I simply can't do it, mama. Because these silly skirts keep getting in my way, and honestly, mama, I will be simply cov-

ered with large bunvuns if I do not remove these frightful high heels. I do not wish to discuss the matter further! sed my mother. I'm ashamed to be related to such a pair of Fiddle Brains!

Then my mother went out of the room with her nose in the air and nana sed, Margaret, Shakeseer was right when he sed A Seroent's Tooth hath no fury like a Woman's Scorn!

He certainly was right, nana, I sed, only you are stinnly all wet! Mister Shakeseer did not say a word about a Seroents tooth, because what he sed was Hell hath

no fury like the jaw-bone of an Ass! Anyway, papa, I am awfully proud of you and I think you're the swellest papa a girl ever had! And as for Mister Ginsberg, papa, why he thinks he is reely quite fascinating and I shouldn't be surprised if his teeth were worth a lot of money!

Lissen, sed papa, let's Resolve never to make any more New Year's Resolutions, huh?

O. K. papa, I sed, Which we did!

About People

Vasia Anikayev, who has been on tour with the American Opera company, has come to Carmel to join Madame Anikayev for the remainder of the winter.

Miss Esther Jeffers of San Francisco is the guest of Miss Grace Alexander for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Chapel Judson have as their guest, Professor Perham Nahl of the University of California.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nichols Lamb of Piedmont spent the holidays at Pine Inn.

Gordon Campbell, student at the San Mateo Junior college, is spending the holidays with his family in Carmel Woods.

Dio L. Dawson returned to Carmel the day before Christmas from the Bay Region where he went on business.

Municipal business licenses for the first quarter of 1929 will be due on Wednesday, January 2nd. Carmel's income from this source is approximately three thousand dollars annually.

Mrs. W. Siwart Smit and her daughter Katherine are moving this week to Palo Alto. They have

been living on the corner of San Carlos and Santa Lucia. Miss Smit has been curator of the art gallery of the Carmel Art Association since it was started.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Gillette entertained their sons Tom and Eugene and Eugene's wife of Crockett during Christmas. The Gillette home is at 9th and San Carlos.

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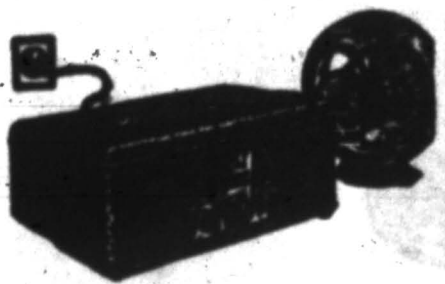
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FRANZ LUDWIG

From
Page 6

HAVE YOU HEARD?

form consisted of airs, choruses, recitatives, and had a stage setting.

In the time of Neri, to each fascinating little capital of Italy there belonged some special honor in history, art, literature, or music. Florence, so famed in song and story as "The Lily of the Arno," "The City of Flowers," and "The Home of the Renaissance," was the birthplace of the opera. There was in Florence, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, a brilliant group of literary young nobles. There were originally seven and they used to meet for discussion in the house of Count Bardi, one of their number. They called themselves "The Thirsters," and a basket overflowing with grapes was their device, because it was so symbolic of the wine of inspiration which they would drink, not to mention the real juice of the grape which usually prompted that inspiration.

At this time, Palestrini was the fashion of the day, and "The Thirsters" rebelled against his solemn, polyphonic forms of Church composition. They resolved to revive the music of ancient Greece, and reasoned thus: Greek art had proved the most wonderful in the world, why should not its music be just as famous? They would restore its old lyrics and choruses

and recitatives, and so free music from mediaeval counterpart.

Galilei, the father of the astronomer, was a most enthusiastic "Thirster." He found some fragments of Greek music and then composed a cantata, and accompanied by his lyre, sang it to his friends. He thought that he had modelled it after the Greek form, but as a matter of fact it was not at all like the original.

Others, too, wrote little dramas and choruses and stiff recitatives. These were accompanied by stringed instruments.

Peri, one of "The Thirsters," is often called the "Father of Opera." He and Caccini composed the music of the first one which was properly staged. It was called "Euridice," and the libretto was written by Rinuccino. It was planned to test the effect of a particular melody thought to have been used by the old Greeks, and it was produced in the Pitti Palace, Florence, on the occasion of the marriage of Henry IV, of France, with Marie de Medici.

Peri had written an opera called "Dafne," previous to the writing of "Euridice." This opera, although it was said to be very fine, was performed only privately. Unfortunately the score of this has been lost. But that of "Euridice" is at present in Italy.

In "Euridice," Peri himself took the part of Orpheus. The beautiful female singer was "Euterpe." The scenery and costumes were magnificent, and the orchestra hidden behind the scene consisted of a large guitar, lute, a great lyre, harpsichord, and three flutes—the last to take the place of the shepherd's pipe of ancient days.

When "Euridice" was later performed in Rome, the decorator of the Papal Chapel made the scenery, and the effect was so perfect that the painter, Titian, insisted on touching the canvas before he would believe that all was not in relief.

At a little later date it was arranged that the framework of operas must consist of arias connected by recitative, in which the story and action were carried on.

The music of the early operas resembled the old Greek only in being melodic rather than polyphonic. They were to be played only before princes, while peasants yet clung to their folk-songs; but when, a little later, Monteverde, the Director of the music in St. Mark's, Venice, appeared, the common people also were allowed to listen and enjoy.

Monteverde is called "The First Composer of Modern Music," and no occasion of his day was complete without something from his pen. He wrote requiems, madrigals and operas; and his singers were real beings expressing genuine lyric feeling. He allowed only certain instruments to accompany certain voices, and also created many new effects in scenery.

The stage settings in the operas of that period were often very interesting. Many and diverse were the "props" used. Those who think of the flying-machine as a stage device of our own day, only, will be surprised to learn that the use of flying machines in the operas of

that date was very common. They were purely imaginative, of course, but were much in evidence, nevertheless.

The greatest modern change in operatic form was made by Richard Wagner in the Nineteenth Century. He created a form of music-drama which has been adopted by most of the operatic composers of our day. But at present, in Italy, they are getting back to smaller orchestras, giving the voice more of a chance.

My own opinion is that opera will revert to the form in which Bizet's "Carmen" is written. I have no doubt, also, that the spoken recitative will again be adopted.

In Wagner's operas, whereas the music is magnificent, the stage action is often deadly monotonous. For example, in the last act of Tristan and Isolde. Were it not for the marvelous, erotic appeal of the music that portion of the play would be impossible.

DINE HOUSE GUESTS
ON CHRISTMAS

Bertha and Ellen Kleinschmidt of Berkeley and Carmel have been entertaining friends in their home on Junipero and Eleventh for the past few days and on Christmas Day gave a dinner in honor of their house guests. Among the Carmel guests at the dinner was Mrs. Gertrude Warfield. The house guests of the Misses Kleinschmidt are Ruth Kennell of Palo Alto who has recently returned from a trip to Russia in the capacity of secretary to Theodore Dreiser and Mr. and Mrs. Carol Shipman of San Mateo. Mrs. Shipman is a novelist of ability. Bertha and Ellen Kleinschmidt expect to be in their cottage on Junipero until the first of March and eventually they plan to make Carmel their home.

ENGAGEMENT IS
ANNOUNCED

The engagement of Mr. Homer F. Levinson and Miss Fernie Finlay has been announced. Mr. Levinson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Levinson of Carmel. Miss Finlay is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Finlay of San Francisco. The young people will be married in San Francisco the end of January and will spend their honeymoon touring through Europe.

DINNER FOR
ENGAGED COUPLE

Dr. Amelia L. Gates entertained at dinner recently at her home on Camino Real in honor of Mr. Homer F. Levinson and Miss Fernie Finlay whose engagement was recently announced. The invited guests were Mrs. Josephine Newmark, Miss Helen Marie Newmark, Mr. and Mrs. Louis H. Levinson, Harold Gates and Mr. Fritz Wurmann.

WEDDING TAKES PLACE
ON CHRISTMAS DAY

Mrs. Helen Yodee Remsen of Carmel was married on Christmas night to Howard S. Johnston of St. Paul, Minnesota, a brother of Mrs. Paul Flanders. The wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents on Warwick boulevard, Kansas City, Mo., and Mr. and Mrs. Johnston will make their home in St. Paul.

HANKES ENTERTAIN
AT CARD PARTY

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Hanks entertained a number of friends at cards on Wednesday evening at their home on San Antonio street, Carmel. Those who played included Mr. and Mrs. Charles King Van Riper, Mr. and Mrs. Byington

Ford; Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Tunison, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert J. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Whitman, Miss Katherine Cooke, Miss Margery Moll, Mr. Ernest Schweninger and Mr. Colden Whitman.

FOREST HILL SCHOOL
HOLDS XMAS PROGRAM

Pupils of the Forest Hill school, Carmel, held their Christmas program Friday morning in the main room of the school building. The toy symphony orchestra, composed of the children ranging in age from 5 to 12, played a little symphony entitled "Santa Claus Comes." The music showed the coming of the reindeer, then the little children falling asleep while waiting for Santa Claus and then the coming of the saint and the filling of the stockings, closing with the children waking to find their presents. The orchestra is made up as follows:

Martin Flavin, drum; Teddy Marble, wood block; Margaret Manning, Dorothy Graft, rhythm sticks; Lois Streicher, symbols and horn; Patsy Ball, tambourine; Patsy MacEwen, jingle sticks; Peggy Mathiot, triangle; Nathalie Hatton, Martha Jane MacCarter, bells; Alan Wood, sleigh bells.

Following the music, the whole sang several carols, including "We Three Kings," "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear," "Joy to the World" and "While Shepherds Watched," accompanied by the orchestra. They ended the program with "A March" by Hollander.

A large crowd of parents and friends enjoyed the proceedings which were a great credit to Mrs. Harper and Miss Spicker, her assistant. The children had cut down and decorated their own Christmas tree, which ornamented one corner of the stage. After the program, the children departed to their several homes for two weeks of vacation.

HONEYMOONERS TO
SPEND HOLIDAY HERE

Mrs. Pearl Byrnes, formerly of Carmel, and Henry A. Banzhaf were quietly married November 30 in Santa Cruz and will spend the New Year holidays at Del Monte. Mrs. Banzhaf, better known here as "Billy" Byrnes has many friends here who will welcome her, while Mr. Banzhaf, who is now retired, formerly operated a well known San Francisco bakery, the same, in fact, which supplied bread for the city following the 1906 earthquake and fire. He is now operating a desert ranch in Arizona.

ASSOCIATION ANNOUNCES
BOOKPLATE COMPETITION

Artists of the Peninsula may be interested in the announcement by the International Bookplate Association of Los Angeles of a competition which will close on April 10, 1929. A prize of one hundred dollars and a life membership in the association is offered for the best bookplate submitted, made for and bearing the name of the Bookplate Association International. The association will hold its fifth annual exhibition at the Los Angeles Museum from May 1st to May 31st, 1929, the exhibition being open to

any living artist, subject to the regulations of the art committee. Prints exhibited will belong to the association. Further information may be obtained from Miss Catherine Smit, curator of the Carmel Art Gallery.

CARMEL ART ASSOCIATION
ANNOUNCES ETCHING SALE

The Carmel Art association announces the sale of several etchings and one painting during December. The etchings sold are as follows: "Slender Cypress," "Monterey Wharf," "Carmel Evening" and "Skyscraper's House," all by Gene Kloss, and "Carmel Mission" and "Fantasy" by Cornelia Botke. The painting is by Charlotte E. Morgan and is entitled "Gladde Thynges." All these pictures were purchased by Peninsula people, and it is most gratifying to the association that local people are interested in and supporting the work of local painters.

DELIGHTFUL TEA
AT PEBBLE BEACH

Mrs. Martha Newcome entertained at tea yesterday afternoon at her charming Pebble Beach home. Her guests included Mr. and Mrs. Holman Day, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sheridan, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Raleigh.

CHARMING DINNER
IN CARMEL

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. MacFarlane of Carmel were hosts to a number of friends one evening this week at dinner. Those who enjoyed their hospitality included Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Hanley, Mr. and Mrs. John Miller, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. James, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Phillips and Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Murphy. Following dinner, dancing and cards were enjoyed.

Billy Judson is up from his school in the south to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Chapel Judson of ebbie Beach.

A recent guest at Holady House was Mr. John Wagner of Los Angeles. Mr. Wagner plays the part of "Haffi" in "The Desert Song," now being played in Oakland.

Miss Marcelle Radgesky spent Christmas with her sister Elizabeth in Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Madeiry Odhner of San Francisco spent the holiday with Mrs. Odhner's mother, Mrs. Grace Wickham.

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THE CORNER CUPBOARD



THE VILLAGE NEWS-REEL



Carmel young people who have returned from college to spend the Christmas and New Year's vacation with their parents will be much in evidence at the community dance at the Sunset School auditorium tomorrow night.

Elizabeth Ingels, who is spending a month with her parents at Corral de Tierra, has also found time to visit friends in Carmel. Miss Ingels was reporter for the Pine Cone. She is doing publicity work for the Young Women's Christian Association in Oakland and shares an apartment with Marlam White, one-time teacher at the Sunset School.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Phelps and their son Jack of San Jose spent Christmas at the home of Mrs. S. Van Houtte on Dolores. Mrs. Phelps is the daughter of Mrs. Van Houtte.

Wheldon Campbell came home to spend the holidays with his parents. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Campbell, and incidentally is helping in his father's store. He has been attending San Luis Obispo Polytechnic School for the past two years.

Gordon Campbell motored down from Menlo Junior College in his Ford roadster and will return at the end of the holidays in a new Chevrolet, a sport model with rumble seat and a made-to-order cut-

out. The new conveyance was the Christmas gift from Gordie's own particular Santa Claus.

Virginia Rockwell is home from Pomona College to spend the holidays with her mother, Mrs. Jeanne Rockwell.

Edith Smith, who lived in the Gray Goose cottage on North Cassanova, left last week for Corcoran to be with her husband, Ed. E. Smith, who is in business there. For the past year Mrs. Smith has been connected with the Myra B. Shop on Dolores and has been in charge of the shop for the past six months while Mrs. Myra B. Fassett was recovering from injuries received in an automobile wreck. We notice that Mrs. Fassett is improving, her limp is less pronounced.

Mr. and Mrs. Argyll Campbell entertained relatives from San Jose in their Carmel Woods home on Christmas day. They were Mrs. M. D. Phelps, Miss Mary Phelps and Miss Charlotte Phelps, mother and sisters of Mrs. Campbell.

Harold Selvey of the Staniford Drug Store made a hurried trip to Richmond to spend Christmas Eve and part of Christmas Day with his parents.

Mrs. M. Chapin and daughter, Flora May Geldert of San Francisco, are spending the week in Mrs. Geldert's cottage on Carmelo. They were among six guests who dined with the Tom Douglas family Christmas.

Dr. and Mrs. V. D. Whitcomb of Carmel Highlands have gone to San Diego to spend the holidays and will remain three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Baussemour and daughter, Joyce Ann of Sparks, Nevada, are in Carmel spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Littlefield. Mrs. Baussemour and Mrs. Littlefield are sisters.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Lindstrom and small daughter passed Christmas with friends in Santa Rosa. They made the trip by motor.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Farley and their son Bobby are spending several days in the southern part of the state.

A family reunion dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick R. Bachdolt at their home in the Eighty Acres on Christmas evening. Following the dinner, gifts were exchanged. Those who gathered around the festive board were Margaret Fortier, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Gottfried, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Hale, Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Appleton, Dr. A. R. Bachdolt, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Overstreet and Mr. L. M. Hale.

Miss Angela Haggerty of San Francisco is the guest of Miss Ethel Young at her home on North Mission street for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Smit and daughter Katherine are moving to Palo Alto after the first of the year, where they will make their home indefinitely.

Mrs. M. L. Huntington of San Francisco is visiting her son, Peter Hanna, for a short time. Mr. Hanna, who has been confined to his bed at the Carmel hospital with pneumonia for the past two weeks, has returned to his home and is recovering rapidly.

Mrs. Charles Clark, wife of the Carmel attorney, recently cele-

brated her seventy-fifth birthday at her home in this city. She was born in New Orleans in 1853. One of the most pleasant incidences of the day was the receipt of radio congratulatory messages from her three sons, C. E. Clark of Atlanta, Georgia, B. P. Clark of San Antonio, Texas, and J. D. Clark of Dallas, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley K. Jones and Mr. David Seraphine of Santa Rosa were recent guests of the George Whitcombs at their home in the Eighty Acres.

Miss Mable Stoddard, guest of Miss Margaret Fortier for the past week, has returned to her home in San Francisco.

William P. Silva and William C. Watts, well known Carmel artists, have been chosen by the Santa Cruz Art League to serve on the jury for the second annual State-wide exhibition to be held in Santa Cruz in February. Mr. Silva will serve as chairman of the committee.

The Kent Clarks and family and Mrs. Clark's mother, Mrs. Ira Miller, will spend the holidays in their home on San Antonio street. The Clarks have been making their home in San Francisco at the Sir Francis Drake hotel for the past two months.

Lester M. Hale of Oakland is spending the holidays in Carmel with Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Gottfried at their home on South Dolores street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Davidson Miller and young Wesley Miller, with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Crothers and two children motored to Los Angeles and Hollywood last Friday, where they spent Christmas with friends in Hollywood.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Harper and Mrs. J. B. Olcese of Bakersfield are spending Christmas in the Harpers' new home on San Antonio street.

Mrs. Arne Halle of the Bank of Carmel spent Christmas with her family in Merced.

Mrs. Elizabeth Chamberlain, who has been spending the past two months with friends in San Diego, Long Beach and Los Angeles, has returned to her home on Lincoln street for the winter.

Kenneth E. Wood has as guests for the holidays at his cottage, "The Hearth," on Cabrillo street, Mrs. M. D. Wood, Carol Wood, Mrs. Bessie Wood McKerty and Dallas McKerty of Merced, Mrs. L. G. Mackie and two daughters, Marion Jeanette and Florence Louise of Berkeley, Melville A. Wood of San Luis Obispo, Mr. and Mrs. Dallas E. Wood of Palo Alto and J. A. O'Brien of Merced.

Mrs. Sarah Deming of Hollywood is the house guest over the holidays at the home of the O. Chapel Judsons at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. G. Wolfe, mother of Miss Grace Hamilton, recently tripped over a carpet in her home and suffered a serious break in her left arm. Dr. Hug Dormody of Monterey is the attending physician. Her many Carmel friends hope for a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Deane of San Francisco have taken a cottage in Carmel for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton have come from Pasadena to spend

the holidays with Mrs. Stanton's mother, Mrs. E. P. Young. They will probably be here about two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Durham left yesterday for Pasadena and the South, where they will spend two weeks or more.

Her many friends are glad to welcome back Mrs. Sara Deming, who is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. Chapel Judson at Pebble Beach for the holidays. Mrs. Deming has been living in Palo Alto since she left Carmel in the late summer.

Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Boning of New York City are spending a few weeks in Carmel. They are old friends of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Morse.

Mrs. J. L. Fulton, Mrs. Gertrude Tooker and Miss Leslie Tooker have come down from Berkeley to spend the holidays in their cottage here.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Steffens have as their guests Dr. and Mrs. Allen H. Suggett of San Francisco. Mrs. Suggett is Mr. Steffens' sister.

Mr. and Mrs. John Covey and their small son, Master Colin, have come down from San Francisco to spend the holidays with Mrs. Covey's mother, Mrs. E. Garrett Teare.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

FOREST LIEU SELECTION
SERIAL NO. 023007

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.
Dec. 5, 1928.

Notice is hereby given that Santa Fe Pacific Railroad Company, by RICHARD M. LYMAN, attorney in fact, postoffice address Room 822 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, has filed in this office its application to select under the Act of Congress approved June 4, 1897 (30 Stat., 36) and act of March 3, 1905 (33 Stat., 1264) the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 25, T. 17 S., R. 2 E., M. D. M.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the land described or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office, on or before the 5th day of February, 1929.

JOHN C. ING,
Register.

Date of first publication: December 21st, 1928.
Date of last publication: January 18th, 1929.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

FOREST LIEU SELECTION
SERIAL NUMBER 023008

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.
Dec. 5, 1928.

Notice is hereby given that Santa Fe Pacific Railroad Company, by H. D. Burroughs, attorney in fact, postoffice address Room 822 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, has filed in this office its application to select under the Act of Congress approved June 4, 1897 (30 Stat., 36) and act of March 3, 1905 (33 Stat., 1264) the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 25, Township 17 South, Range 2 East, M. D. M.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the land described or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office, on or before the 5th day of February, 1929.

JOHN C. ING,
Register.

Date of first publication: December 21st, 1928.
Date of last publication: January 18th, 1929.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

SERIAL NUMBER 023006

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.
Dec. 5, 1928.

Notice is hereby given, that Charles S. Olmsted, Assignee of William Hall, Samuel Petty, Andrew Knudsen, John W. Moore, George Waffle, Jerome Carkey, James N. Shaw, Jeremiah Pickett, alias Jeremiah Piquet, William M. Lesley, Nelson Osborn and William L. Marshall, of Pacific Grove, Monterey County, California, has filed in this

office his application to enter under the provisions of Sections 2306 and 2307 of the Revised Statutes of the United States the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$ and the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 25, T. 17 S., R. 2 E., M. D. M.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the land described or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office, on or before the 5th day of February, 1929.

JOHN C. ING,

Register.

Date of first publication: December 21st, 1928.

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IN AND ABOUT CARMEL

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Mr. and Mrs. Otto Lachmund of Duluth, Minn., are the guests of Mr. Lachmund's mother, Mrs. Mable Gray Young, for the holidays.

Leland Lindsay will arrive tonight to spend the holidays with his mother, Mrs. Mary Dummaga.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson have taken a cottage in Carmel for the holiday season. They are cousins of Miss Florence Young.

Mrs. M. J. Murphy and her twin daughters, Kathleen and Rosalie, have gone to San Francisco for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Phillips have been summoned to Los Angeles by the death of Mr. Phillips' father, which occurred Tuesday night.

Mrs. Mattie D. Perkins of Los Angeles has taken a cottage here for the next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Munter have had as their guests Mrs. James Beggs and Mrs. J. D. Hunter, both of San Francisco.

Mr. George Poore of Ross Valley and his cousin, Mr. Fred Tracy of Ohio, spent a few days in Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lachmund of Portland, Oregon, are here to spend the holidays with Mrs. Mable Gray Young, Mr. Lachmund's mother.

Mr. S. Z. Bixby left this morning for Pasadena where they will spend the holidays.

Dr. and Mrs. Raymond Brownell have as their guests Mrs. Brownell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Fye, who will be here for a few weeks.

Mrs. Robert Welles Ritchie has as her guest her sister, Miss Ida Knight of Long Beach, who is a frequent visitor to Carmel.

Miss Eleanor Pitcher has as her guest for the holidays Miss Bernice Halbert of San Francisco.

Mrs. Dorothy Dobrzinski of Berkeley and her two children have taken a cottage in Carmel for the holidays.

Mr. Allen Bier, who is a frequent visitor to Carmel, is spending the holidays here.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Gottfried and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Masten will spend the New Year enjoying the winter sports at Sequoia near Fresno.

Mrs. H. A. Barkan of San Francisco and her family have come to spend the holidays in the "Juanita" cottage at 10th and Carmelo street.

Mrs. W. H. Normand and her daughter, Barbara, are spending a few days in San Francisco.

Mrs. C. C. January and her children arrive tomorrow from Los Angeles to spend the holidays with Mrs. January's sister, Mrs. Lois Dibreil.

Miss Margaret Fortier and Miss Ethel Stoddard are in the "Genista" cottage for a week or so. Miss Fortier is a sister of Mrs. William Overstreet and Mrs. Frederick Becholdt.

ALIAS SUMMONS

In the Justice's Court of Monterey Township, County of Monterey, State of California.

C. Hestman and O. Thiel, Plaintiffs, vs. Charles Abbott, doing business under the firm name and style of "The Charles," Defendant. The people of the State of California send greeting to: Charles Abbott, doing business under the firm name and style of "The Charles," defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear before me at my office, at Colton Hall, at Monterey, in said Township, and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Justice's Court of Monterey Township, County of Monterey, State of California, within five days after the service on you of this summons — if it is served within the city and county, township or city in which this action is brought; but within ten days if it is served out of said township or city but in the county in which the action is brought; and within twenty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you so appear and answer as above required the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or they will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand this 5th day of November, 1928.

RAY BAUGH,
Justice of the Peace of said Township.

Elas W. Mack, Attorney for plaintiff.

Date of first publication Nov. 30, 1928.

Date of last publication January 25, 1929.

CERTIFICATE OF DOING BUSINESS UNDER A FICTITIOUS NAME

BE IT KNOWN: That we, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we, as co-partners, are transacting the business of printing in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, Monterey County, State of California, under the name and style of "THE ARTS PRESS," the principal place of business is lo-

MISCELLANEOUS

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cated on the west side of Lincoln Street, South of Ocean Avenue, in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, said County and State, and that our names in full, and our respective residences are as follows:—

Herbert Heron, Residence Carmel-by-the-Sea, California.

Eugene Augustus Hoffman Watson, Residence Carmel-by-the-Sea, California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF WE HAVE HEREUNTO SET OUR HANDS AND SEALS THIS FIFTEENTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1928.

HERBERT HERON,
EUGENE AUGUSTUS
HOFFMAN WATSON.

State of California, County of Monterey, ss.

On this 15th day of November in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty eight before me, F. O. Robbins a Notary Public, in and for the County of Monterey, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Herbert Heron, and Eugene Augustus Hoffman Watson known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and they duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the said County of Monterey, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

F. O. ROBBINS,
Notary Public in and for the County of Monterey, State of California.

(Notarial Seal)

My Commission expires March 25, 1930.

Date of 1st publication Dec. 7.

Date of last publication Jan. 4.

CERTIFICATE OF TRANSACTING BUSINESS UNDER A FICTITIOUS NAME

I, JAMES DOUGLAS BISHOP, the undersigned, hereby certify that I am transacting business under a fictitious name, to-wit:

"PINE VIEW NURSERY."

In the buying, selling and growing plants, shrubbery and flowers, and dealing in their accessories, I having bought the interest of my former partner, CHARLES ARTHUR WATSON, and am now the sole owner of said business; the principal place whereof is at the corner of David Avenue and Presidio Avenue in the Del Monte Park Tract, near the City of Monterey, Monterey County, California.

That my full name and residence is as follows:

JAMES DOUGLAS BISHOP, residing on Presidio Avenue, near Pacific Grove, California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand this 3rd day of December, 1928.

JAMES DOUGLAS BISHOP.

State of California, County of Monterey, ss.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. C. E. EDDY—Licensed Chiropractic and Naturopathic Physician. Hours: 1 to 5:30 p.m. and Saturdays and Sundays and Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings by appointment only. Please phone for your evening appointments before 6:30 p.m. Residence calls should be arranged for as early as possible in the forenoon. Emergency calls at all hours. Phone 105. Dolores Apartments, beside Post Office, Carmel, Calif.

MINNA BERGER
Teacher of Piano and Harmony
Dolores St. Next to Mansanita Club
Box 1147

DR. NELLIE M. CRAMER —
Osteopath, Work Bldg., Monterey.
Office Phone Monterey 179. Res.
Phone Monterey 610.

THOMAS VINCENT GATOR
Vocal Instruction
Concert, Opera, Oratorio
Studio: 4th and Lopez

C. M. SAYERS
Teacher of wood-carving. Ph. 376.

Osteopathic Physician
DR. C. L. FAGAN
Dolores St., first door south of
Telephone Building, Carmel
Office Hours
10 to 12 A.M.—1 to 3 P.M.
Telephone 440

GENUINE ENGLISH HOLLY TREES—Finest collection in California now on display. Glossy foliage and full red berries. Also fine line of shrubs, trees, etc., for winter planting. Xmas plants and flowers of all sorts. H. A. HYDE CO., Watsonville. Phone 44.

GREETING CARDS

for the

Hollydays

Now Ready

W. L. Overstreet

Pine Cone Press

ASTROLOGICAL CHARACTER ANALYSIS

Guide yourself or your child. Careful horoscope at low cost. For information address W. Merrick, Carmel P. O. Box 786.

On this 3rd day of December, 1928, before me Daniel Joseph Leavy, a Notary Public, in and for the County of Monterey, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared JAMES DOUGLAS BISHOP, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the foregoing instrument, and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

DANIEL JOSEPH LEAVY,
Notary Public in and for the County of Monterey, State of California.

(Notarial Seal)

Filed December 6th, 1928.

T. P. JOY, Clerk.

By ANNA RYAN, Deputy.

Date of first publication December 14th, 1928.

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THE FINE CONE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATE PER LINE

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CHURCH NOTICES

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

CARMEL

North Main North Street

Sunday Service — 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School — 9:00 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00.
Reading Room—Tuesday and Saturday, 1 to 3 p.m. Friday, 1 to 3 p.m. Closed holidays.

MONTEREY

Cor. First and Benton Sts.

(Addressing E. L. Stevenson Street)
Sunday Service — 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School — 9:00 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00.
Reading Room—Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 1 to 4 p.m. Closed holidays.

PACIFIC GROVE

Fountain and Central Aves.

Sunday Service — 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School — 9:00 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00.
Reading Room—Wed. days, 1 to 4 p.m. Closed holidays.
All are cordially invited to attend the services and visit the Reading Room.

All Saints Episcopal Church

Monte Verde St., south of Ocean Ave.

Rev. Austin Chinn, Rector

Sunday Services

8 a.m.—Holy Communion.
9:45 a.m.—Sunday School.
11 a.m.—Morning Prayer and Sermon.

All are cordially invited

Christmas Day at the Old Mission

San Carlos de Borromeo

Masses at 8:00 and 10:10 a.m.

(No Midnight Mass)

Unity Hall

THE HIGHER THOUGHT

Sunday—11 a.m.

Speaker—Mrs. Marshall Wilson

Wednesday night subject: "Prosperity"

The Community Church
(Incorporated 1904—Methodist)

Sermons for the modern mind
Sundays at Eleven

Graded Church School, 10 A.M.

Truth, Research, Destiny!

Ivan M. Terwilliger, Minister

Carmel's Bohemian Cafe

Appetizing well-cooked substantial food

THE STUDIO RESTAURANT

Open All Day Every Day

Harry Mallinger, Prop.
Dolores St. Carmel
Phone 312

Finest Laundry Service on the Peninsula

Del Monte Laundry

Telephone, Monterey 20

Bay Rapid Transit Co.

Phone Carmel 221

TIME TABLE

Dr. Carmel	Dr. Monterey	Dr. Carmel	Dr. Monterey
8:30	12:45	8:45	1:30
9:30	2:30	10:30	3:45
11:00	3:00	12:00	5:15
	4:00		6:00

THIS RADIO BUSINESS

Continued from Page One

knowingly—on radio frequencies. It should be understood that operators can not always tell when their sets are working on the higher bands which the federal law prohibits their using.

Amateur operators on the Monterey Peninsula, mostly members of the club in Monterey, of which Paul Funchess of Carmel is a member and then, as now, the chosen mentor of the younger members, were called into conference.

With every amateur operator on the peninsula suspect, they went

into action quickly to determine the source of the trouble. They easily cleared themselves of suspicion—but in spite of diligent work by men equipped with portable trouble-finding sets, no pirate operator could be proven. However, as soon as the hunt became public property, a great part of the code interference stopped.

Just recently, a set that is believed to have been one cause of the trouble a year ago, was located in the Pebble Beach area. The owner at that time was an unlicensed operator. But—the set was found dismantled and as the one-time owner does not now live on the peninsula, the incident is closed.

The code now heard in Carmel can be assumed to be ship code in nine cases out of ten. The tenth may be an amateur unwittingly off his legal band—or it may be a mischievous boy at work deliberately to make trouble.

Mischievous boys were responsible not long ago for an excessive number of "howler" sets. Paul's Radio Service Shop tracked them down and in some instances bought the sets and destroyed them.

Local radio men are encouraging boy builders of sets to use hook-ups that will not cause interference with radio reception.

Some howler sets are portables brought in by tourists. It may have been noticed that that type of interference is more frequent during week-ends. There is still one howler set in Carmel whose owner has not yet been identified.

The ship code annoyance is inevitable from Carmel's location on the ocean. But even that interference may gradually disappear as the first wireless sets on ships—before radio—wear out and the new type prescribed by the government installed in their places.

Within the past few days a local complaint about code gave a most interesting insight into what may be the cause of the excessive code on KPO that we have all noticed. A code varying from the faintest prick of sound to a defiant scream.

The code signal heard was three-dots-dash repeated three times very slowly and distinctly. It was supposed to be a "ham" new to coding. In reality it was a ship signal used when there is an interval in the message, to inform the station that more is to come and to hold the air.

Amateur wireless interference with radio reception can be controlled by federal representatives; but there is nothing in the federal law that can be applied to the local causes of interference in Carmel. Only local action can handle that.

When the representative of the Supervisor of Radio was in Carmel last spring to investigate, he said that only "local pressure" would be effective—that "local pressure" had settled similar interference in many places.

As a matter of fact, practically every large city in the country has an ordinance regulating every type of apparatus found to interfere with radio reception. Many smaller places than Carmel have such ordinances. Silencing interference with radio reception is just as much for the community interest as compelling the licensing of dogs, setting the speed limit, cutting down trees, etc.

If the Carmel radio audience really wishes better reception there should be not only concerted action for control and elimination of purely local causes for poor reception, but a good will cooperation with the stations which have been adversely affected by the allocations of last November.

ARTIST FINISHES THESIS

FOR MASTER'S DEGREE

Mrs. Charlotte E. Morgan has been in Carmel for the past year to complete work for her master's degree in art and has just recently sent in the thesis which finishes the task. She has been doing some etchings and is responsible for many Christmas cards done in water color with Carmel homes as the subject. After two years away from school work, one in which she traveled in Europe, she expresses her wish to return to teaching art in high school. So next year her cottage, Surf Echoes on Lincoln avenue may have a for rent sign on it.

BARBERS WORK AS

SHOP TRAVELS AROUND

The biggest Christmas present received in Carmel this year was a gift from South Carmel to North Carmel, Paul's barber shop. Donald Stanford has his hair cut during one half of the trip and China Morse insisted having a shave during the rest of the journey. Morse remarked afterwards that he was the only one who ever had a razor and a vibrator on his face at one and the same time, and that each depression on Dolores street is commemorated by a new depression on his face. Until such a time as the new Leidig building is completed, Paul will hold forth on Dolores street in back of the Carmel Smoke Shop.

LINCOLN INN WILL HAVE

NEW SPANISH BUILDING

Another large building of Spanish design, by Blaine and Olsen the architects whose first success, La Giralda building, made them popular in Carmel, will be erected this winter to be the home of Lincoln Inn, at the corner of Lincoln avenue and Seventh street. The sale of the property, owned by Maud Hogle, was closed Wednesday, and Dr. R. A. Kocher represents the new holders, and will have direction of the building operations.

Lincoln Inn was started in the old Sydney Yard place, one of Carmel's homes of famous artists, last April, and under the guidance of Mrs. John Ball soon became a success. Needing additional guest rooms, the inn annexed neighboring houses, acquired more tables in its dining room, and more service in the kitchen. Taking care of sev-

eral separated houses was a difficult problem, and the plans for a new and adequate housing of the swiftly growing business were made. Mrs. John Ball will remain in charge of the new Lincoln Inn.

GOTTFRIEDS ENTERTAIN ON CHRISTMAS

Mr. and Mrs. Lavon E. Gottfried of Carmel entertained a number of friends informally yesterday afternoon at their home on Dolores street. Among those who dropped in during the afternoon were Mr. and Mrs. Ray Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. George Ball, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Masten, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Lachmund, Mr. and Mrs. Larry Lachmund, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Josselyn, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sheridan, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Hale, Mrs. Louise Walcott, Miss Kissam Johnson, Mr. Ernest Schweninger and several others.

CHARMING SUPPER AT HIGHLANDS

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. M. Russell of Carmel Highlands entertained at supper last night in celebration of Christmas and of Mr. Russell's birthday. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Prince, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Watts, Mrs. D. K. Johnson, Mrs. Louise Carter, Miss Elaine Carter, and Miss Kissam Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Delmer Call of Los Gatos are in their cottage on San Antonio street, and have as their guests, Mr. and Mrs. William Lawrence of San Jose.

NOTICE TO DOG OWNERS

Licenses are due and payable January 1, 1929. Male dogs \$2.00 Female dogs \$4.00. Send check PROMPTLY to J. W. Walsh, general delivery, Monterey, or telephone him at Monterey County Animal Shelter, Monterey, and he will call, collect and furnish tag.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

FOR SALE—Falcon-Knight Sedan, 1927 model, driven only 5500 miles. In perfect condition in every way. Chas. T. Hecker, phone 40.

WELL FURNISHED COTTAGE with garden, two bedrooms, near business district. For rent address Box 607, Carmel.

WANTED—A small Carmel home, good neighborhood, low price. Address "33", Carmel Pine Cone.

FOR RENT—Small furnished cottage, \$20 per month. San Carlos between 12th and 13th. P. O. Box 704, Carmel.

FINE FAT GEESE for New Year's roasts, from Search ranch. Order at Casa de Rosas, 13th and Casanova, Carmel. Telephone 145R.



Reduced Winter Rates to Permanent Guests
Phone Carmel 600
John B. Jordan, Owner

GOLDEN STATE

SATURDAY

Charlie Murray

—in—

"The Head Man"

SUNDAY

Charles (Buddy) Rogers

—in—

"Varsity"

with

Mary Brian
Chester ConklinOn the Stage
5 Acts Golden State
Vaudeville

MONDAY ONLY

Pola Negri

—in—

"Loves of An Actress"

NEW YEARS DAY
Special Holiday Bill

5 Acts Vaudeville

and

"Tenth Avenue"

with

Phyllis Haver

WEDNESDAY

Richard Arlen
Nancy Carroll

—in—

"Manhattan Cocktail"

Nat Holt's
Comedians

THURSDAY - FRIDAY

George Bancroft

—in—

"The Docks of New York"

Now is the time to
place orders for 1929

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